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NOTES.

We agree with the “Times” that it is highly unsatisfactory that the text of Mr. Chamberlain’s despatch should have first reached us from a Brussels news agency. But the tardiness in the publishing department of our Colonial Office is an old-standing grievance. As might have been expected from a State paper which was the product of the whole Cabinet, the despatch is a model of courteous and dignified, yet firm, language. There is no word in it of a time-limit of forty-eight hours for a reply, and though Mr. Greene may have been instructed to accompany its presentation by a verbal message that “an immediate and definite reply” meant within forty-eight hours, we very much doubt it.

In order to understand the despatch it is necessary to recapitulate what went before. Mr. Kruger passed through the Raad a law conferring the franchise on Outlanders after seven years’ residence, and accompanied by all sorts of restrictions and qualifications, which are no longer of any interest or importance. Mr. Chamberlain then proposed a Joint Commission of English and Boer representatives to inquire into the effect of the new franchise law. Mr. Kruger declined to assist in a Joint Commission of inquiry into his new law, but made a counter-proposal to give a five years’ retrospective franchise, eight more seats in both Raads to the Rand, and an equal share in the election of the President and Commandant-General, upon the condition that Great Britain would agree to tacitly drop the claim to the suzerainty over the Transvaal. That, stripped of confusions and mistakes and ambiguities, is a fair summary of the negotiations and cross-despatches that led to the summoning of the Cabinet Council last Friday.

The forecast in our last week’s issue of the tenour of the despatch has turned out to be pretty close to the mark. Mr. Chamberlain has informed Mr. Kruger that he cannot now revert to the question of a joint commission and a seven years’ franchise, but that he accepts Mr. Kruger’s proposals in his despatch of 19 August to give a five years’ franchise, eight more seats in the Raads, and a share in the election of the President and Commandant-General. With regard to the suzerainty, Mr. Chamberlain repeats, naturally, his repudiation of the view that the Transvaal is “a sovereign international State,” and adds that “Her Majesty’s Government are unable to consider any proposal made conditionally on their acceptance of this view.”

It comes therefore to this; that if Mr. Kruger will repeat his offer to grant a five years’ franchise without the condition, which he must have known to be preposterous, that the British Government should abrogate its own paramountcy, all tension between the governments will be removed, and a friendly conference at Cape Town immediately arranged to go into various matters of detail. Will Mr. Kruger and his council have the good sense to close directly and plainly with this last chance of settling the crisis? Mr. Kruger cannot any longer contend that the five years’ franchise, the increased number of seats, and the vote for the President, will hand his country over to the Outlander, for he has himself offered these things, provided we would give up saying suzerain. The mere fact of our ceasing to say suzerain cannot protect him from being swamped by alien votes, which was his argument at Bloemfontein. The whole quarrel is boiled down to a question of sentiment, for our suzerainty is not a phrase but a fact, which nothing but our defeat in the field can destroy. Unfortunately points of sentiment have before now involved the world in war.

Mixed with feelings that are entirely honourable there is no doubt an alloy of suspicious motives in the proposal to boycott the Paris Exhibition. Some no doubt are glad of an excuse to get out of a business which would not have brought them any money, but in which they were bound to embark by the exigencies of trade competition. Others jump at the prospect of being relieved from rash promises to undergo for the amusement of others an expensive form of boredom: while some we may be sure are not sorry of an opportunity for advertising their virtue in the press. The people who are indisputably justified in withdrawing from the affair are those who have offered to lend pictures and valuable *objets d’art*, for it is not certain that they will be safe in Paris. It is not generally known that the site of the British Royal Pavilion, which some of these pictures were intended to decorate, was offered to and declined by the Russian Government, on the ground that, being over one of the main sewers of Paris, it might offer facilities for a dynamite experiment. The civilised world will have learnt with pleasure that the Vinolia Soap Company and Sir William B. Richmond have already and simultaneously issued their edict of proscription.

Zola’s letter to the “Aurore”—finer even than his “Lettre à la Jeunesse” and his “J’accuse”—is a cry of alarm. From his shady retreat at Medan—where

great men have gathered—he watched the case at Rennes; hour by hour his misgivings grew. "The bright days of August," he writes, "seemed to me black: never have I felt the shade and cold of mourning so cruelly as under the blue sky of this last month." His unrest was justified by Saturday's criminal event—to-day his country, "our sweet France," stands disgraced. To the whole of the outside world Captain Dreyfus has proved his innocence; had anyone doubts in the beginning, they have been dispelled by the "fourth act" of the dark drama which, but a week ago, might still have been brought to a just and honourable close. What will be the "fifth act"? Will it confirm the world's bitter opinion of France? Or, will it set her right in those eyes that now regard her with pity and contempt; and, by a generous recognition of the Captain's innocence and of his persecutors' guilt render them affectionate again, and bright?

When the Dreyfus verdict was read by an excited crowd at the National Liberal Club last Saturday, one member, an Irish journalist, exclaimed, "Serve him right! The fellow was a cad!" The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he was out of the club, forcibly extruded from the front door by his indignant fellow-members. This story, which we have from an eyewitness, proves that the gentlemen of the National Liberal Club are sound on at least one public question.

It is only natural that the policemen and soldiers who guard the Fort Chabrol should, after so much fruitless waiting and watching, indulge now and then in a nap. Perhaps they also sympathise with the besieged: for, it was only on Monday night that they discovered that Jules Guérin was receiving food from a house opposite by means of a running cord. This ingenious device had been practised frequently; and explains why the Fort Chabrol has been able to hold out so long. True, the cord was greased and the packets that sped across it were wrapped up in black; but surely the moon must have shone on this means of communication at least once in a week? Even in absolute darkness, we think—if we had been on guard in the Rue de Chabrol—we should have seen those parcels hovering over our head. We hope we should not have been so inactive as not to perceive them until, after a fortnight's watching, one lost its balance and fell into the street. Now, however, that the cord has been seized and its skilful manipulators have been arrested, the policemen and soldiers on duty may look forward to a speedy release. Either Jules Guérin will be made to evacuate through famine; or, if he still persists, he will be turned out of his fortress by force.

Considerable significance attaches to the Currency Bill introduced last week in the Indian Legislative Council. The Finance Minister's explicit declaration that, in the event of any temporary check, the measure would be supported by all the means in the power of Government, should go far to inspire confidence in the stability of the Mint rate. "Practical convertibility" is not equal to "legal convertibility" but it will serve the same purpose if it is firmly supported by executive action. Scarcely less important is the clear indication of the Viceroy's speech that the Government reserves its freedom to adopt the double standard whenever it can be secured by international agreement. A fuller report may show that this is still regarded in India as the only arrangement which can absolutely insure a fixed rate of exchange under any and every condition of trade. Such an enunciation would be received with satisfaction not merely by the advocates of bimetalism but by many authorities who dislike a State-managed currency and do not believe that gold coin is suitable for India as a whole.

Australian enthusiasm for Federation has grown with the realisation that at last it is a certainty. Lord Lamington in opening the Queensland Parliament, though unable to give actual figures, was able to announce that even Queensland has fallen into line with the federalists. The joint majority in favour of the Commonwealth Bill, notwithstanding the aloofness of Western Australia, cannot amount to much less than

200,000. One of Mr. Chamberlain's first and most important duties next session will be to carry an Enabling Bill through the Imperial Parliament. The first meeting of the Federal Legislature will make the close of the century memorable in the annals of Australia. During the coming year speculation and possibly agitation will be considerable as to who is to be the first Governor-General and who the first Premier of this new power in the Pacific. Popular rumour selects Lord Jersey for the former and Sir George Turner for the latter. We should imagine that the Governor-General's choice of a Prime Minister is more likely to fall on Mr. G. H. Reid who has just been defeated in the New South Wales Parliament, apparently by way of gratitude for his services in the cause of Federation. Whoever becomes Governor-General, the Imperial authorities should use every endeavour to inaugurate Australian nationhood under the auspices of royalty itself. Could not the long-talked-of visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to the Antipodes be arranged with this end in view?

The most striking commentary on Sir William White's account before the British Association of the progress of steam navigation would be the early proceedings of the Association. Sir William White contented himself with going back to 1840 and showing how speed has increased from $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots to $22\frac{1}{2}$ knots, how the time occupied by a voyage has been reduced to about 38 per cent. of the time occupied in 1840 and how, if the then rate of coal consumption in steam navigation had been maintained, it would require 14,000 tons of coal to do what is done now by 3,000. All this is very remarkable, but at the meeting of the British Association in or about the year 1838 it was mathematically and therefore conclusively demonstrated that no vessel could be built to carry coal sufficient to enable it to cross the Atlantic, due allowance being made for winds and currents. Had engineers and shipowners been as sceptical as some of the savants of the thirties, ocean steam navigation might still be in its primitive stages. As it is, we are now discussing the possibility of attaining a speed of 50 or 60 knots an hour at sea. Sir William White characterises all such schemes as illusory; he certainly has science on his side. But so had the philosophers of the British Association sixty odd years ago.

Trade disputes are giving rise to a good deal of trouble at present, but none of them seem likely to assume a serious shape. They will probably either die of atrophy as the seamen's strike is doing, or be referred to arbitration as in the case of the wages dispute in the Lancashire engineering trade where Lord James of Hereford has been acting as arbitrator. That we may hope is to be the fate of the Northampton shoe dispute and will be if the men have sense to follow their own officials' advice. Many people we are aware are alarmed at the progress of the federation of the Trade Unions. But it is really possible to accept seriously the view of the secretary of the federation at the Trade Union Congress that it may be made a means of reducing trade conflicts. With employers' and men's federations the opposing parties are like the great standing armies. They are tremendous fighting machines; but so deadly that they will only be called on to settle big issues; and paltry skirmishes will be more and more restrained. Curiously enough the Engineers Society in leaving the Trade Union Congress discharges the Parthian shaft that its retirement from a body which fails to unite the various sections of unionism will make effective federation more possible.

Republican apologists are hard pushed for arguments in defence of Mr. McKinley's foreign and pseudo-Imperial policy. Thus Mr. Hay declares that it has never entered the heads of American statesmen, in the matter of alliances, to depart from the wise precept and example of the founders of the Republic. But obviously such a departure would not be a very severe strain on a conservatism which abandoned "the wise precept and example" of Monroeism in order to embark on a war with Spain. Mr. Hay is happy in the consciousness that American relations with European Powers—even with Germany, "our old time friend"—have improved. Nor could any Power for a moment think that America

is anxious to acquire new territory. This is exquisite and quite worthy of Muscovite diplomacy itself. The virtue of the United States now that they have Cuba and the Philippines on their hands is on all fours with Russia's desire to promote peace directly she had secured all she wanted in Manchuria without resort to arms.

That the training of the officers and men constituting the Naval Reserve—the left arm of the service, so to say—is at present lamentably neglected is a fact patent to all who have witnessed the men being drilled at that piece of ordnance of almost prehistoric date, the sixty-four pounder muzzle-loading gun. It is a little disquieting to remember that in the event of war fully one-third of each ship's company would be made up of reserve men. Moreover, firing from a shore battery differs from practice upon a moving platform as widely as does Bisley marksmanship from snipe-shooting. We are, therefore, glad to be able to state, upon good authority, that the next Navy Estimates will include provision for naval reserve men gaining proper experience by being taken for short trips in some of the older types of war-vessels.

Last week we commented somewhat unfavourably on the appointment of Sir George White as Governor of Gibraltar. Now however we are glad to note that he has been given a post—that of Commander of the Forces in Natal—which is well suited to his abilities, and in which he will assuredly be the right man in the right place. The reported appointment of Sir Archibald Hunter as Chief of the Staff in South Africa should be popular. He is an excellent fighter and a brilliant leader, as his Egyptian record proves; and though that does not of necessity constitute a good Chief of the Staff, we may trust to Sir Redvers Buller not to make a mistake in so important a selection.

The School Board for London has reopened its Evening Continuation Schools with the annual flourish of trumpets. Much parade is made of the 109,000 pupils enrolled last session. Little is said, however, of the low figure to which the average attendance finally dwindled, which amounted to no more than 28,189 pupils or less than one-quarter of the total number on the books. One thoroughgoing School Board panegyrist, speaking recently of evening classes, said that the School Board seemed to have solved all the problems of Secondary Education! Prodigious. The secondary problems are numerous enough to take a decade to settle, they involve all secondary schools from Eton downwards, and this critic calmly assumes that such a "pis aller" for Secondary Education as these London night schools is going to solve all the Secondary problems!

The meeting of the Conservative Council of the Derby division of Liverpool was a pitiful exhibition of bigotry and intolerance. In vain did Mr. Walter Long endeavour to address his constituents on the domestic policy of the Government or on the vital issue of the Transvaal crisis. He was constantly interrupted, and at last rudely reminded that all his constituents wanted to hear was his explanation of his conduct in voting against the Church Discipline Bill last session. It may be remembered that the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, moved an amendment to the effect that, if the efforts of the Archbishops and Bishops to enforce the law should fail, legislation should be introduced. Mr. Walter Long, as a Cabinet Minister, voted for the amendment, which was in itself sound and reasonable; and he is now taxed by the Evangelical bigots of the Derby Division of Liverpool with being a Ritualist. Mr. Long has always been a staunch Low Churchman, and he can afford to treat with the contempt it deserves the vote of censure which was carried by 27 to 15. We should imagine that Mr. Long would not be sorry to be relieved from the honour of representing a constituency which is animated by so narrow a spirit of theological bitterness.

A Lordship of Appeal in Ordinary is one of the snuggest billets that can be given to an eminent lawyer.

The pay is £6,000 a year, and it carries with it a seat in the House of Lords, the necessity for constant residence in London, and just enough judicial work at the Privy Council and in the gilded chamber to stimulate the digestion. It is said that a lordship of appeal is the goal of Sir Edward Clarke's and Mr. Carson's ambition. The vacancy however caused by the death of Lord Watson must be filled by a Scotch lawyer, and it is generally believed that Lord President Robertson, the "J. P. B." of a few years ago, will secure the prize, though Lord Shand and the Lord Advocate, Mr. Graham Murray, are both understood to be in the running. A wit once strolled into the House of Lords when Lords Watson, Morris, and Herschell were sitting, and thus delivered himself to a friend. "Well, 'the predominant partner' is certainly a modest and patient person. Here is his highest court of appeal composed of a Scotchman, an Irishman, and a Jew!"

Lord Rosebery has elected not to address the public on politics, but to descant on the neutral topics of the hour, social, literary, or economic. It is a dangerous choice, for it compels the speaker to be amusing or original, if his existence is to be justified. It cannot be said that Lord Rosebery's speech at Carlisle on railway travelling contributed either to our gaiety or our information. Everybody knows from painful experience that the world and his wife travel nowadays: but that means increased receipts, which ought to mean increased accommodation for passengers. Why does not some member of either House of Parliament move for a revival of the Board of Trade return of the punctuality of trains? Nor was Lord Rosebery happier in his dismissal of the controversy as to the rival merits of the English and American railway systems by saying that American trains suited the Americans and British trains suited the British. As a matter of fact we have borrowed many things from the American system, and improved upon them, the Pullman car, for instance, which has been developed into the corridor sleeper.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to have been under the delusion that he was unhappy because he was a millionaire. Perhaps he had read Lord Rosebery's well-known blague on the miseries of wealth and taken it literally. Lord Rosebery knew what he was talking about and was never a Roseberyite himself in this matter, but a stolid American millionaire of the third generation is very likely to have misunderstood that mere exercise of literary ingenuity. Mr. Vanderbilt had ill-health, and he had family troubles. Of course he was sad and sorry for himself; and if he had been as poor as the poorest of us he would not have been less sad and sorry. Poor men are not always healthier than millionaires, and they have been known to have domestic disagreeables. Sometimes they even have to work quite as hard. But they always console themselves by remembering they can go through it all so much better without the incumbrance of wealth.

Bull-fighting in Boulogne has made it unexpectedly easy for many who would not otherwise have had the opportunity, to see what this popular Spanish and French amusement is like. The verdict of English eye-witnesses is that it is barbarous and unsportsmanlike. Whereupon, as our correspondence columns show, Englishmen are denounced as hypocrites on many counts. So far as we can judge, the protestations of disgust are perfectly sincere, though perhaps they are a trifle highly pitched. We are even entitled to express our feelings more strongly in regard to the bull-fight in France than in Spain. A nation's old customs can always be regarded more or less sympathetically from one side or another. Anthropologists deal tenderly even with cannibalism. Some of our own sports may be open to objection. Custom reconciles us to them perhaps more than it ought; but we cannot see any tendency to set up new ones in which the element of cruelty is the most marked characteristic. We have in fact got rid of the worst of our old sports, such as bull and bear-baiting and cock-fighting, and we have not the slightest wish to popularise them anew. If we had our mouths might be closed. As it is we need not trouble much about the charge of hypocrisy.

"TRUTH ON THE MARCH."

THE Rennes court-martial has demonstrated the innocence of Dreyfus to all the world, except France. That is much, though not exactly what "L'Armée" intended. "Truth is on the march," as M. Zola finely exclaims, "nothing will stop it. At Rennes, at Rennes it has just made a giant's stride." Its next stride will, we trust, be made at Versailles on 23 November, when MM. Zola and Labori will demonstrate the innocence of Dreyfus to France. We hope that the military council will refuse the appeal for a new court-martial. For the sake of France, quite as much as for the sake of Dreyfus, we do not wish to witness another military trial. There is but one way now out of the trouble, and that is the production of the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*. This would constitute "the new fact," which would enable the verdict to be brought before the Cour de Cassation; and if the handwriting of the documents should be proved to be other than that of Dreyfus, the civil tribunal would be amply warranted in quashing the sentence "*sans renvoi*." What chance is there of this one way of saving the reputation of France, and possibly the life of an innocent man, being found? We may trust to MM. Zola and Labori doing what they have practically undertaken to do. Both the great novelist and the great advocate have proved their mettle. Neither has turned out to be a vapourer: each has given hostages to fortune, for each has staked his all, ease, fame, and money, even that dearest of privileges, residence in his own country, upon the proof of Dreyfus's innocence. If therefore the French Government does not procure the documents in question, we may be perfectly certain that MM. Zola and Labori will. No opposition need be anticipated from the foreign Governments in whose possession they are. Germany and Italy would, we imagine, be only too glad to repay the insult of the verdict by the production of the papers, and we cannot believe that Austria, or even Russia, would hesitate to give up any written evidence they may hold. But can the Cour de Cassation be trusted to do its duty fearlessly by quashing the verdict? We would fain believe so, but we do not know; for, after all, the judges of the civil court are Frenchmen, and for the hour at all events Frenchmen have set their teeth and shut their eyes.

Nothing is so difficult as to explain the action of one's neighbour at the precise moment when one is very angry with him. And not only England but all the world is very angry with France at this moment, so much so that the vocabulary of abuse in every language has been ransacked to give expression to the universal indignation. Yet surely there must be some explanation of the conduct of a nation, which hitherto has occupied an unquestioned place amongst civilised peoples. It is all very well to abuse generals, who employ forgery and perjury to screen their blunders, and sacrifice a fellow-creature to save their own skins. It is even permissible to suspect of corruption officers who keep luxurious establishments upon the slender pittance allowed them by an adoring nation. One may feel as much contempt as one pleases for the embarrassed phantoms called Ministers, who lack the courage to take these rascals by the throat, and rid the country of their tyranny. But the French nation—what of it? The French nation is not composed of generals and cabinet ministers and spies: yet it is impossible to deny that the majority of the French nation was pleased by the verdict. How comes it that the countrymen of Voltaire, of Pascal, and of Renan take hearsay for evidence, and eagerly swallow the silly lies of carpet-generals? Some explanation there must be, for it is childish to assert that the bulk of Frenchmen are corrupt, and cowardly, and inhumane. The truth is that the French are peculiarly liable to periods of national infatuation, owing to their racial temperament. Scratch a Frenchman and you find a hysterical Celt. The history of Ireland abundantly proves that the Celt has many passions, but not the passion of justice. He is absolutely impelled by his nature to follow some leader, to believe in him, to worship him, and to blindly obey him. At a word from a Buonaparte or a Parnell the hysterical Celt will commit or condone what

seem to his neighbours horrible crimes. Have we forgotten the state of Ireland so recently as ten years ago? Nor is this the first time that France, in her passionate search for something to admire, has thrown down the gauntlet to the civilised world. A little more than a century ago France gloried in the September massacres, and successfully waged war for twenty years against the whole of Europe. What the ideas of the First Republic and the figure of the great Napoleon were to the Frenchman of a hundred years ago the Army collectively is to the Frenchman of to-day. We are not offering an excuse for a judicial crime so much as an explanation of a psychological fact. Short of drawing an indictment against the whole French nation, we must accept some such account of its infatuation. The Celtic character is largely feminine, and a devoted woman knows, hears, and sees nothing but the person whom she conceives it her duty to shield and cherish—the more cracked and brazen her idol, the more passionately she clings to its side. Or to put it a little differently, what the Sovereign is in the most monarchical country in the world, that the Army is to France. Suppose for the sake of argument that the German Emperor had got himself into serious trouble: it is difficult to imagine any limit to the lengths which patriotic Germans would go in their desire to protect their royal master.

We have put forward what seems to us to be the correct, as well as the least dishonouring, explanation of what strikes so many as deliberate wickedness on the part of a whole nation. The danger is lest, as in the revolutionary wars, the more the outside world combines against France, the more stubbornly will France pursue her own way. Thus the storm of protests that is gathering from all quarters may actually injure the cause of Dreyfus, though the talk of pardon would lead one to think that France was anxious to show some deference to foreign opinion. It is supposed that the French *bourgeoisie* is most surely reached through the pocket, and there have been many threats of an international boycott. It would clearly be a breach of international comity for the British or any foreign Government to withdraw from its engagements towards the French Government because of anything which happened in the domestic politics of France. But it is early days to talk of the Exhibition of 1900, and a great deal may happen in the meantime. Angry feeling will subside, and then people will regret their precipitation. Besides, everything depends on the course of events during the next three months. To pardon the feeble shadow, to which cruelty and injustice have reduced Captain Dreyfus, may allay international irritation, but it will not wipe out the disgrace of the court-martial. Nothing can do that but the absolute quashing of the verdict by the Cour de Cassation. That indeed would save the reputation of France. That might cause her to forget in time the terrible annoyance which she suffers at the thought that one of the hated and despised race, upon whom "Gyp" and Drumont have exhausted their Gallic wit, has brought upon her the anger and contempt of those whom she professes to despise, but for whose applause she has always played. Verily the Jews have had their revenge! It is the custom to talk of the decadence of France. Yet even from the Dreyfus case some good will be evolved. It is impossible to despair of a country which produces such men as Zola, Labori and Picquart, and in the last few years Frenchmen have learned from their example what it is to dare and suffer for the truth, which, let us hope with Zola, is marching with giant strides towards the goal of justice. The French can never make reparation to Dreyfus, either by pardon or acquittal or restoration of rank.

"The breath of accusation kills an innocent name,
And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life,
That is a mask without it."

But though France cannot give back peace of mind or health of body to her young artillery captain, she may still, by an effort of belated justice, regain her place amongst those peoples, who regard truth more than military pride and race prejudice.

SERVIA ON HER TRIAL.

FOR a long time the Servians have prided themselves on being the Frenchmen of the Near East. It were easy to multiply parallels and coincidences, ending with the State trial, whereby the ex-King now seeks to imitate the great judicial outrage which has exasperated the whole world's conscience against France. This trial is the more to be regretted as it is a reversion to the old traditions of Oriental barbarism at a time when there seemed every hope that Serbia might yet emerge into the full tide of civilisation and stability. Two years ago every prospect smiled. Displaying a mature character and a diplomatic skill far in advance of his years, King Alexander had checked if not checkmated the machinations of his Radicals, set up a ministry of "King's friends," grasped the reins of government sturdily in his own hands, and was bidding fair to develop his country and regenerate her finances, when, lo, her evil genius reappeared upon the scene and shattered the whole laborious edifice like a house of cards. We are quite ready to admit that Milan must not be judged by ordinary standards. His early accession and the intrigues of his regents stereotyped in him the character of a spoiled child, so that duty and honour have always remained to him meaningless, even ridiculous expressions, pleasure his only ideal. A bad king, an infamous husband, an undutiful father, a cowardly commander-in-chief, destitute of the rudiments of common honesty, he was the first to acquiesce in his exclusion from the throne. To his dislocated mind, a life of lounging on the boulevards of Paris was infinitely more attractive than the labours, even when gilded with the dignity, of sovereignty. He exacted his price and went away, solemnly promising, on the word of a king, never to return. He wasted his substance and exacted further prices for the renewal of his royal word until, finding his pleasures limited by the limitations of his purse, he determined to come and seek in person the sinews of dissipation, which a poor country had the courage to refuse in his absence. No doubt he does not mean to tarry long. So soon as he shall have sucked his victim dry and accumulated a sufficiency of dinars to pay his footing in the temples of Folly and Vice, he will bid him to his congenial Parisians by the first express. But meanwhile he is rapidly reducing poor little Serbia to his own desperate level.

The transition from barbarism to civilisation is necessarily a slow one with newly emancipated nations, and, though Serbia had acquired a veneer before Milan's return, it was but a thin one. It was barely dry before Milan hastened to brush it all away. To the Western mind, which has learned to believe in the good intentions of the most incapable ministers, to revere judges as almost on the same plane with Providence, and to consider it almost indecent to probe political motives, the atmosphere of a Balkan State, with its judicial murders, melodramatic intrigues, suborned brigands, State-strokes, palace plots, kidnappings, bogus assassinations, tortured prisoners and other inspirations of the shilling shocker, is frankly incredible. To Milan's rudimentary statecraft no other atmosphere is comprehensible. Throughout his career he has regarded every opposition as a mortal foe, either to scotch or be scotched by. All over Serbia we may meet men who have been condemned to death at one time or another on a charge of conspiring against him, and many of them are now his most trusted lieutenants. But never hitherto has he proceeded with such entire cynicism and open contempt of all plausibility. Were he a mere minor novelist he would be scouted for evolving a plot at once so unlikely and so threadbare. Knezević, the man whom he hired to make a sham attempt on his life, did his work so badly that he could not have deceived a child, and even now, after weeks of prompting in prison, he has not succeeded in devising a reasonable pretext for his alleged action. Milan, moreover, contrived to give his whole game away by displaying courage under fire for the first time in his life. To expect to attract popularity by so preposterous a little comedy was sufficient proof that the hand of the royal conspirator had lost its cunning in the society of French soldiers. To go on to accuse Serbia's foremost statesmen of complicity with such a tool is a piece of

childish malevolence, such as even General Mercier would scarcely countenance.

The public mind has recently been educated in the contemplation of travesties of justice, but if the reports of the Belgrade trial were as fully accessible as those of the court-martial at Rennes, the suggestion of Lewis Carroll would, if possible, be still more conspicuous. Here are a few of the counts of accusation, taken at random: G. Živković is charged with (1) having spoken ill of King Milan on a certain occasion, (2) having had a correspondence with a Radical, (3) being the proprietor of the Radical journal, "Odjek," (4) being seen near the place where Knezević is alleged to have shot at King Milan. Considering that nine-tenths of the Servians are Radicals and that ninety-nine hundredths habitually speak ill of King Milan, there must at this rate be a great many traitors in the kingdom. The counts against the Protá Djurić, and indeed against every one of the prisoners, are equally frivolous. Djurić is a well-known Radical leader, with a great reputation for eloquence and a small one for discretion. That nothing more serious can be alleged against him and his friends serves to prove the astounding weakness of the case for the prosecution. We hold no brief for the Serbian Radicals. Indeed, we believe them to be a mischievous set of men, whose accession to power would relegate their country to her darkest days. They advocate an exaggerated decentralisation and a system of anarchy, which Serbia could bear even less well than her neighbours. And their foreign policy is deplorable. But so far, at any rate during recent years, they have kept strictly within constitutional lines, unless to contemplate a movement for the refusal of taxes be unconstitutional. Under the strong governments which preceded King Milan's return, they were kept well in hand and their majority in the country was not allowed to translate itself into a majority at the urns. Now, however, King Milan's indiscretion has provoked a crisis, which will need a far longer head than his to resolve. The old, worn-out accusation of dynastic conspiracy will impose upon no one. The Karadjordjević pretenders have been so long discredited that no one dreams of them as possible alternatives to the Obrenović. Should King Milan render his son's tenure of the throne impossible, it would be to the Prince of Montenegro that the eyes of Serbia would turn instinctively. And they will turn thither as it is unless steps be speedily taken to provide a suitable alliance for King Alexander. In no other country in the world, scarcely in any other country in history, can we find a parallel for the state of Serbia, where no one knows and no one seems to care who will succeed in the event of a demise of the Crown. Such a condition of things is absolutely prohibitive of national stability and the possibility of progress.

In many respects the great State trial of Belgrade is broad farce rather than tragedy. Serbia is not France, and Russia, if not Austria, would certainly intervene to prevent a series of judicial murders. But the assassination of the Načelnik Andjeljić in his cell has already served to prove that Milan means to pursue his iniquities as far as he dares. The present writer enjoyed the privilege of the Načelnik's acquaintance at Šabac a few years ago and can vouch for the facts that he was devoted to King Alexander and that he was incapable of committing suicide under the circumstances alleged. The only possible explanation is that he must have been in possession of some very dangerous secrets—dangerous, that is, to King Milan—and unless Serbia is prepared to hear of other similar "suicides," she must at once insist upon a full investigation of this scandalous affair. Indeed, it is not the Radical party which is upon its trial, nor even Knezević, the half-crazy dupe, but King Milan himself, aye, and the whole régime with which he stands identified. Serbia may be said to stand at the bar and, unless she speedily devises some means for ridding herself of her incubus, it must needs go very hard with the prospects which but a few months ago seemed to smile so rosily. Already her dreams of restoring the empire of Dušan seem very far away and she must look to her existence rather than to her expansion. Once again we may hear "the vila shrieking from the summit of Rudnik above the Jasenica, the slender stream: "Foolish

Djordj Petrović, where art thou to-day?" Or else, "Oh! for an hour of Milosh!"

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.

THE broad canvas of what Wallace has truly named the "wonderful century" calls for no stippling of details, no elaboration of foreground and distances, and Sir Michael Foster chose wisely the most general aspects of the subject for his presidential address before the British Association. The century began with wars and rumours of war, nation was divided against nation and the vials of wrath seemed emptied on the face of the earth. Through the century there have been dreams of the end of war and gleams of universal peace, but the century is ending as it began. None the less through it all Science has made continually for the brotherhood of man. Religion, the other great co-ordinating factor of humanity, however its fundamental doctrines may be universal, has assumed local colourings and has become identified with national characteristics in a fashion that has not always made for peace. The methods of research in science and the practical applications of science are independent of geography and race; from Japan to Peru, in the diverging nations of Europe and in the scattered colonies of the tropics there are men of different races, different languages, different religions continually requiring, continually employing and continually acknowledging one another's help. Sir Michael Foster must have written his noble words on the contribution of science to the brotherhood of man before a recent event seemed to set the nations in violent moral opposition to a large part of one nation; were it ever possible, these words should now make it impossible that the scientific men of the nation which two hundred years ago published the works of the great Italian Malpighi, and which little more than a century ago gave its highest scientific honour to Lavoisier should now strike a blind blow against the just and the unjust. Those who would remove the scales from the eyes of Justice must not set them on her sister Punishment.

The President of the Association did not waste time on the material advantages which science has brought in this century, on the modes in which, to use his happy phrase, it has cushioned the seats of life for rich and poor. These additions to the comfort and the amenity of life have been long a familiar subject for the popular writer and speaker, and he was content to draw a rapid parallel between the conditions of life at Dover now and those of a century since. He was more concerned to show that with the century science had forged a number of new intellectual weapons by which were made advances impossible to those unprovided with them. That the advances of science have brought us any nearer what metaphysicians call absolute truth he did not care to admit or to deny; that they have brought us a long way in the paths of the relative, practical truths called natural knowledge is a very different proposition. From the multitude of possible examples he chose striking cases from several of the great departments of scientific work. A century ago oxygen was known only to a few and the real nature of such things as air and water or of such processes as combustion and respiration formed no part of the intellectual equipment of any persons save a few secluded chemists. An exact knowledge of these is a starting point of chemical knowledge, and our systems of engineering, sanitation and personal hygiene depend on it. A century ago, in 1799, took place the birth of electricity; it was then that Volta brought to light the apparently simple truths out of which so much has sprung. "If there be one word of science which is writ large on the life of the present time, it is the word 'electricity'; it is, I take it writ larger than any other word. The knowledge which it denotes has carried its practical results far and wide into our daily life, while the theoretical conceptions which it signifies pierce deep into the nature of things." No better instance could be chosen of the fashion in which a new idea may contribute on the one hand to the practical needs of men and on the other to their craving for new knowledge. Knowledge of the phenomena of

electricity is not merely a series of new facts, but it provides the means for vast progress in directions which would be closed to our human powers without it.

As a third instance of the great increase of ideas brought us this century the President took Geology, a branch of knowledge born within the century, the ramifications of which are almost impossible to realise. Practically, Geology contributes to mining, water-supply, sanitation, agriculture and to many of our greatest industries. It has contributed new ideas of cosmogony, of the origin and future of the earth, and those ideas have reflected a powerful influence on many branches of thought that seemed remote from the transmuting effects of science. Within the century too has come the life-work of Darwin with its almost catastrophic effect on man's attitude to his own place in the order of nature. At first sight the conception of the Origin of Species seems one almost wholly confined to the order of ideas and with the least possible bearing on ordinary life, but by its immediate stimulating effect on all branches of biological science it has had a quickening influence on many of the applied sciences most closely bound to the service of man. Modern pathology and bacteriology do not arise directly from the work of Darwin, but the immense stimulus given to laboratory work by his conceptions has played a large part in these modern developments. The last example of the new ideas of the century was taken from that department of science with which the President is most closely connected. In the beginning of this century Charles Bell put forward his new idea that the "nerves are not single nerves possessing various powers, but bundles of different nerves, whose filaments are united for the convenience of distribution, but which are distinct in office as they are in origin, from the brain." There rapidly followed a recognition of the distinction between the motor fibres which carry impulses outwards from the brain to the muscles, and the sensory fibres which take inwards impressions from the periphery, and as the century has gone on knowledge has been gained of secretory fibres which regulate the action of glandular tissues, of the great vaso-motor system which controls the flow of the blood directing it in lesser or greater streams to different organs according to the varying needs of the body, of the trophic fibres which are associated with the due nutrition of tissues and organs and of many other specialised systems.

Sir Michael Foster chose typical instances of the fashion in which the discoveries of this century have been not only extraordinarily valuable in themselves but have been fertile in opening up new avenues to knowledge. Content with abundantly proving the progress of science, he turned to consider it as a discipline. He pointed out that in all scientific investigations, at least in all prolonged researches, there came a critical moment, a time when the result apparently so clear suddenly grew obscure. Here came the discipline of courage and the discipline of truth. The apparent difficulties often provided the real means of approach to the end, and it was only when the lesson had been learned of taking the unexpected obstacles as indications rather than as barriers that the investigator has reached the true spirit of inquiry. He had then the opportunity of learning to become what in a fine phrase the President called "truthful with the truthfulness of nature." In the affairs of life we are too often content with the "near enough;" investigation into nature teaches that no near is near enough and it is by the continued investigation of the apparent error that many of the greatest discoveries have come, while it is by the acceptance of the approximate as the absolute that in life and in science many of the greatest errors have come.

AFTER THE VERDICT.

BOULEVARD waiters stare stupidly before them in the morning. Their shirts are fresh; their ties straight, the barber's powder has not yet disappeared from their cheeks. Some smoke surreptitiously—holding their cigarette in the palm of their hand; others toy tamely with a toothpick. One, more bored than the rest, goes to gossip with the kiosk-keeper opposite.

Terraces and tables are bare; until eleven, boulevard waiters have little to do. Nor—unless their café serves luncheon—are they often busy then; for it is unnatural to thirst so early for an absinthe or a bock. Only a fête-day sees them agitated at this time; or a great crisis; or, as on Saturday last, the settlement of a solemn case. Perhaps, during M. Grévy's last Presidential days, animation broke out early on the boulevards: for nearly all the town accused that Chief of the State of sheltering his son-in-law—proved guilty, afterwards, of having sold the ribbons and crosses of the Legion of Honour. Later, anger came: the dark days that followed the exposure of the Panama swindle were as full of incident on the boulevards as in all the towns and villages of the provinces put together. Waiters bustled early on both occasions—their terraces were black, their tables all taken. But they neither sold as much, nor received as much, nor rushed as much—in three whole days, as on the morning, afternoon, and evening, of this last 9 September. Punctual *apéritif*-takers, whose faces are familiar at five, now smoked and sipped at ten. Their presence was perplexing. It made clocks look crazy; it set one thinking of dinner, although *déjeuner* had not been taken. It reversed the order of things. It reminded one of the first days of the trial at Rennes, when everyone looked forward with feverish impatience to the five o'clock edition of the "Figaro": when everyone's ambition was to be the first finished with the debates and to enlighten less-informed people with a superior knowledge only just gained. All those who had bewildered us in the beginning were there—Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards; people who, only partially *au courant* with the case, had confounded facts and dates; ambiguous speakers whose way of getting over difficulties had been to say fretfully "*Je perds la mémoire*" and to refer to ministers and generals as "Chose" and "Machin." But no one "enlightened" on this occasion; no one condemned; no one accused. The case that had poisoned the life of the nation for years was about to be settled—Maître Demange, at that moment, was speaking. Maître Demange, at that moment, was seeking to clear his client who, at his side, was soon to be restored to his wife and children, or to be escorted back by his warders to his prison. Maître Demange had finished; the Commandant Carrière had briefly replied. Captain Dreyfus had once more protested his innocence; the Court had retired.

We lunched anxiously; everyone lunched anxiously. Even Joseph himself could not have prepared a feast extraordinary enough to make us linger over our plates and dishes. But everyone drank a lot; and afterwards, drank on the boulevards again. Two struck; then the half-hour; then three. But still no news came. So people hurried off to the offices of the "Intransigeant," "Temps," and "Figaro," and waited patiently outside; and saw Rochefort at his window—but no telegram. Groups of policemen stood at every corner; in the Mairie courtyard of the Rue Drouot the Garde Républicaine was waiting. For brawls were expected to break out when the verdict eventually became known. Rumours troubled a few: it was whispered that Captain Dreyfus had been condemned to death. Time passed slowly; nor were we any the wiser when the Mairie clock struck four. In the hall of the "Figaro" stood the commissionaire, politely answering questions; upstairs, the staff surrounded the telephone. Every quarter of an hour it sounded: "La délibération continue;" or "Les juges sont toujours dans la salle du conseil;" then, at five minutes past five, "Condamné par cinq voix contre deux... dix ans de détention... Le conseil a admis les circonstances atténuantes!"... Fifteen minutes later camelots were running. Their sheets were dark and damp; they delivered them without stopping. They refused to give change; and, shouting still, set off to startle quiet quarters with their news and cries. Cafés filled immediately; absinthes were ordered, but left standing undiluted. Cigars remained unlit; or were allowed to go out. Dreyfusards were melancholy; anti-Dreyfusards surprised. What meant the sentence? Why "extenuating circumstances"? Why ten years? And perhaps an hour went by before cigars glowed, and absinthes turned opal. Before the windows of the

"Libre Parole" fairy-lamps were being placed; but no one saw. In the Café des Princes the band struck up; but no one heard. Again people asked, What means the sentence? Why extenuating circumstances? Why ten years? Fourth and fifth editions came out—dampier and darker than ever—but with little more news. Lights twinkled; soon, the great electric globes on the boulevards glared. Row upon row of fairy-lamps at the "Libre Parole" promised illumination. More policemen came out; manifestations, after dinner, were feared. The band in the Café des Princes stopped; it was time to dine. Like many others, we wondered while the waiters darted to and fro: wondered, Why condemned? Why ten years?

Brilliant as ever were the boulevards that night; more than usually excited and thronged. Everyone expected the anti-Semites, anti-Dreyfusards, and Nationalists to appear. Had they not won the day? Had they not every reason to shout, and sing, and cheer? Surely they would show their satisfaction by marching through the streets at least a thousand strong: crying "Mort aux Juifs!" applauding Déroulède and Drumont, chanting the Marseillaise? But those who waited, waited in vain; nothing more exciting than a mild manifestation at the "Intransigeant," and a short scuffle before the "Libre Parole," occurred. Wasted was that array of fairy-lamps, that flag—passed unnoticed, unadmired. Useless were the police and the Garde Républicaine. Paris was not to be stirred. Paris was not going to call out Drumont and Rochefort. Paris was tired. Nor did she fulfil expectations on the morrow. No determined band stormed the Santé prison where Déroulède is confined; he was not carried triumphantly to the Elysée, and installed. The rumour was as false as that which predicted the rescue of Jules Guérin by the "people." A few hundred idlers assembled on the boulevards, and before the Rue de Chabrol. Some anti-Semites also appeared. But each policeman bore a revolver; and there were groups of them at every corner; and the Garde Républicaine and other regiments were near. So, when rain came down, people went home. To the man in the street the Dreyfus affair had already become a thing of the past. It had been an ugly incident, a nightmare—nothing more. It had harmed his shop, and hurt his hotel. Innocent or guilty, Captain Dreyfus deserved his fate; but for him, the country would not have been dejected and demoralised for years; but for him, calm, commerce, dividends, would never have been disturbed.

Among the masses, there reigns relief. No doubts trouble them; no suspicions. Have they either, they are careful—for their own sake and for the sake of their exhibition—to keep them to themselves. Throughout the struggle, they have assumed an attitude of indifference which, for a people endowed with great and amiable qualities, appears to the spectator to be all the more blameworthy and all the more cruel. Still, it is not in keeping with their character. From what we have seen of the people, we know them to be generous at heart, and kind. Their love of children and of nature proves them to be tender and impressionable; their way of taking pleasure innocently and amiably shows how highly they are civilised. They should not be condemned too hastily to-day. If they have not supported the cause of truth and justice they, at least, have not sought to smother it. If they did not march to the Cherche Midi prison to clamour for the release of Colonel Picquart—if they did not march outraged and angry again last Saturday—they, at least, have not favoured the other side with their applause and cries. They have been bewildered. Events that followed one another more quickly than days; ministries that succeeded each other almost as regularly as months—the whole dragging on for years, gave them neither the time nor the inclination to examine and conclude for themselves. And so they let others solve and settle for them—for better or for worse; and so—unless their indifference fades—they always will. New scandals may take place; new crimes. The disorder of the last two years is not yet over. But, however harshly the outside world may judge the state of France in days or weeks or months to come, it cannot, with reason, denounce and condemn the population who, in spite of

being burdened with a régime that disagrees, nevertheless leads an amiable and orderly life beneath the great grey towers of Notre Dame.

A GRAND OLD SCHOLAR.

FEW who read the other day the brief announcement of the death of Ferdinand Wüstenfeld realised how much that name has meant to Eastern scholars for the past half-century. There is not an Orientalist in Europe who has not had cause to bless the unknown Gelehrte who went on toiling at Göttingen, in quiet seclusion, at works indispensable to students. Wüstenfeld seemed incredibly old. So long as scholars can remember the familiar "Comparative Tables of Christian and Mohammedan Chronology" have been always at hand; and yet treatise after treatise still poured forth from the well of learning which nothing could exhaust. Wüstenfeld really was the oldest Orientalist on record. He was born so long ago as 1808; and had reached his ninety-first year when he wrote his last book. In that little town of Münden, where his father had his business, and where the future professor grew up with his six brothers and sisters, he must have heard something more than the echoes of the grim struggle which was turning Europe into a shambles. Jena and Leipzig—afterwards dear to him as the University homes of two colleagues in Arabic scholarship, both veterans—were then but names of fear. Ten years after the "crowning mercy," ten years before the Queen's accession, this ancient man of learning was a young student in English Hanover, in the days of his most religious Majesty George IV. In 1827 he migrated to the University of Göttingen—and once there, he stayed for seventy years. He was learning Arabic at the time of the battle of Navarino, and only this year he finished a tract to prove that the Turks had no title to Greece.* A winter at Berlin in 1829-30 was spent in eager study of Sanskrit and Arabic, and in listening to the lectures of Schleiermacher and Neander, for he had once been destined for the ministry. He was Philosophiæ Doctor in 1831, and taught Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic to such as would learn. But Arabic was his first love and his last. More than sixty years ago, in answer to Ottfried Müller's lament that nothing certain was known about early Mohammedan education, Wüstenfeld took up the challenge and wrote a treatise on the Schools of the Arabs for the centenary of Göttingen University in 1837. The work made his reputation. He was appointed to an assistant librarianship in the following year, which he retained for half a century; in 1842 he became extraordinary professor, and twelve years later professor in ordinary at his university. His future was safe; his course laid. It only remained to labour.

How he must have worked in that quiet library, scarcely interrupted by the congenial duties of his chair, every Arabic scholar can testify. Twelve long years were spent over that masterly edition, in nine volumes of close Arabic type, of Yakût's "Mo'jam"—the most complete and authoritative geographical dictionary in Mohammedan literature. That was his magnum opus. But in any branch of Arabic studies, when one wants a book of reference, the name of Wüstenfeld is sure to be not far off. Do you wish to discover who is the best contemporary historian for any period of Mohammedan history—turn to Wüstenfeld's comprehensive bibliography of the "Geschichtsschreiber der Araber." Is your subject the translation of Greek classics by the Arabs, Wüstenfeld is again your guide. For the history of Egypt under Arab governors and Fatimite caliphs, for the annals of the Copts as narrated by Makrizi, for the ramifications of the Bedouin tribes, the family history of an Arab house, the Arab treatises on medicine—for almost anything, in short, that demanded an "infinite capacity for taking pains," a magnificent memory, and wide reading and research, Ferdinand Wüstenfeld was the man. The transactions of the Royal Society of Sciences of Göttingen are full of

his labours. We only wish the author of the touching little memoir prefixed to this parting essay had printed a list of the works: they must number hundreds, and to judge by those we have used, few can have been unimportant.

In Germany a great scholar does not escape mere civil distinctions, such as our own Government have lately taken to bestowing on two or three men of learning or science. Wüstenfeld became a privy councillor in due time—in time, that is, to retire after holding his doctorate jubilee, and completing 57 years of work. Retirement to him, however, did not mean rest. His studies went on, only yet more quietly and in greater seclusion than even before, though he had always lived the scholar's life, "far from the madding crowd." The saddest thing was to leave his beloved Göttingen when he was already in his 90th year. Yet at Hanover, so familiar to the Bursche of seventy years before, his eager interest in all that pertained to learning, and all that was passing in the making of history, never waned. The rising of the Greeks against Turkey in 1897 excited the old scholar to a feverish pitch of anxiety. One might have thought that the Orientalist would have had the better of the Christian, and the East triumphed over the classical; but it was not so. All his sympathies were with the Greeks, and he trembled to think of a second subjection to Turkish tyranny. Whether he was right or wrong, it was a generous impulse that set the nonagenarian writing a treatise to prove that the Turks had no claim upon Greece, no power by their law to make a treaty with "infidels," and no compulsion to abide by such treaty if signed. He may have done little more than state from his own point of view, and from the Oriental authorities with which he was so familiar, the facts already recorded by Zinkeisen; but the spirit that prompted the little book, the enthusiasm and courage that completed it, in spite of rapidly failing sight, are worthy of any cause. Before it was finished he was nearly blind, but he still dictated his final corrections. His preface is dated in January 1899, and on the 8th of February, after a single day's illness, he passed away. "Still und friedlich, wie sein Leben, ist auch sein Tod gewesen."

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

MANY people will sympathise with the Emperor Julian, when, on his sudden elevation to a great public command, being subjected for the first time to the drudgery of military drill, he exclaimed "Oh Plato, Plato, what a work is this for a philosopher!" This reflection of the Emperor Julian's is almost certain to repeat itself in the mind of any man who, having the gifts and the temperament which prompt him to speculate on life, is compelled to play an absorbing and active part in it. The career of action may in many ways be highly gratifying to his ambition; it may lead him to the loftiest heights of what is popularly called success: but he is at times certain to feel that he has lowered himself by surrendering a career of thought which would have possibly left him obscure, for a career of action which has made him influential and famous. Even a Minister who has deserted his study that he may direct the destinies of a nation, must often be tempted to exclaim to himself in the very moment when he is making history, "Oh Plato, Plato, what a work is this for a philosopher!" Often, no doubt, the preference of thought to action is due to the fact that the thinker is unfitted for active life. Why this should be so, is in itself an interesting question; but it does not affect the point on which we are now insisting. For the peculiar sense that to speculate on life is a higher employment than to take part in it exists in many men, as it did in the Emperor Julian, who are as capable of action as of thought, and are possibly even more fitted for it.

The reason for this preference is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that life, as a subject of contemplation, presents to the mind immeasurably wider issues than it does as the subject of action, even when the action is of the most extensive kind. The events, the changes, the improvements which are brought about by the efforts of the greatest of legislators, politicians, and

* "Geschichte der Türken, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung des vermeintlichen Anrechts derselben auf den Besitz von Griechenland. Von Prof. Dr. Ferd. Wüstenfeld. Leipzig: Dieterich. 1899."

soldiers, seem limited, transitory, unimportant, or accidental, when compared with the great forces working through all history, which offer themselves to the contemplation of the thinker; and even the widest survey of history itself seems narrow when compared with the question of the nature of the individual man, the significance of his existence, and his relation to the sum of things. The contrast thus suggested becomes even more startling when the thinker, turning man of action, finds it illustrated by practical experiment; for not only are the greatest results which his action can accomplish narrow, but the details with which he must struggle, and in which every day he must lose himself, are narrower still. The idea of achieving some great military conquest may elevate the imagination and excite the ardour of a general; but his success will often involve his attention to a mass of details which might seem more suitable to a salesman of tinned provisions. A politician may be stirred by the thought of some general programme of legislation; but in carrying this out he must submit himself to years of pre-occupation with details of bills, with arguments, with correspondence about details, which hide from his mind the wider prospects of life, just as a cesspool, were he working in it, might hide from his eyes a sunset. Any man of action who has in him the making of a philosopher will be tempted to lament, under such circumstances, that his nature is subdued to what it works in, and to echo in disguise the words of a great statesman, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

But it is not only the details involved in public action, not only the petty means essential to great results, which will strike the man of action, in his moments of thought, as petty. The great results themselves—even the greatest and most impressive of them—will shrink at times to equally small proportions. Let us take, for example, the establishment and extension of our Empire—an idea which appeals so powerfully to a dominant race or nation. To a man of powerful mind, when he is "looking before and after," when he sees what a speck this world is in the universe, and what a vanishing phenomenon on its surface are the whole generations of men, the rise of an empire will hardly seem more important than the rise of a child's sand castle, which the next tide will obliterate. It will offer him no idea on which his mind can securely rest. The why and wherefore of life will be as far off from him as ever; and if he is to find it, he will realise that it is to be found only by the exercise of faculties with which empire-making has no connexion.

And yet, at the same time, there is another side to the picture. If the life of action, seen in certain lights, appears less than the life of thought, the life of thought, seen in other lights, appears less than the life of action; and even the greatest thinker, if he is great as a thinker only, may wear an aspect of almost absurd inefficiency, when compared and brought into contact with the statesman, the soldier, the shrewd man of the world. This does indeed occur so frequently, that its occurrence is a proverbial incident; and the philosopher, the scholar or the student is a character which, on the social stage, is traditionally associated with a comic and helpless gaucherie. The man who has solved the mystery of the moral imperative, who has explained satisfactorily the nature of time and space, who has reconciled good and evil and fore-will and determination, stammers and blushes at a dinner table like an awkward boy from a grammar school, is in common conversation more vapid than a giggling schoolgirl, is cheated by his landress, and can noddle cope with his cook. The impartial mind, in fact, will with equal readiness see an element of absurdity in each of these two contrasted types of character—in that of the great statesman or soldier who takes politics and wars and what results from them too seriously; and in that of the thinker, who is so preoccupied with the meaning and value of action, that he has never learnt by experience what it is to act.

The impartial mind, however, to which we thus appeal, is far from being the mind of the mere intellectual dilettante; nor is the spectacle of the contrast which we have indicated calculated merely to excite the idle reflection of those who sit on the cross-benches of life, and have not strength of character seriously either

to act or think. The fact that the thinker and the man of action each sees in the other an ultimate feebleness and aimlessness, despite his apparent strength, points to a further fact—the most important fact in life—namely the necessity for something by which these two contradictions may be reconciled; and the more we reflect on the matter, the more clearly shall we see that the only thing by which this reconciliation can be accomplished is Religion. Religion has many functions and ministers to many wants; but one of its chief practical functions, though this is not generally recognised, lies here. For the thinker it invests life with what he else would fail to find in it—namely a concrete value. For the man of action, it invests life with what else he would fail to find in it—namely a transcendental value. In other words, it establishes a connexion between the infinite and the infinitesimal—between the eternal and the transitory. In the case of theistic religions, the means by which this is accomplished is simple. We see the whole machinery working. The belief in a Deity who takes cognizance of man's moral conduct and also of those social and political movements which make up history and with which men of action are occupied, takes the place for these men which philosophy takes for the thinker. It invests all they do with a vast and unquestionable significance. More efficaciously than the most elaborate course of reasoning, it vindicates in a manner which can be at once understood by all, the value of practical achievement which men claim for it. That is to say religious faith, in some respects, gives to the least philosophic of men something of the quality of philosophers: whilst the thinker, on the other hand, is of necessity invested by it with some of the practical qualities of the man of action and is saved from degenerating into a mere ingenious dreamer. For any theistic religion must convince him of two things—first that all philosophy is worthless and incomplete which is not peculiar to the Divine personality; and secondly that as the Divine personality takes cognizance of human conduct and estimates and judges men by their practical choices and refusals, every detail of their conduct pertains to and partakes of the universal.

Choose well, and thy choice is
Brief, but yet endless.

It is the aim of every religion, as a marked theory of life, to give a definite meaning to these words of Goethe's. It is the aim of every mystical pantheism. It is the aim of all religions of humanity. It is the aim even of Mr. Spencer's embryonic religion of the Unknowable. All these alternatives to theism, however, are vitiated by one grave defect. Though theoretically they vindicate the importance of human action—of the practical aspect of life, they are eminently unfitted to appeal to the practical man, whether the ordinary man or the great leader of men. The religion of a Spinoza is as little fitted to sway and elevate the lives of mankind generally as the mass of mankind is fitted to understand Spinoza's philosophy. If a religion is to have any general value, its main proposition must be capable of being understood generally. And the only religion which is capable of being understood generally, is a religion whose doctrines connect in a plain and straightforward way the personality of each individual with personal consequences wider than this life and beyond it. The only religion which may seem to contradict this statement is Buddhism. Buddhism is not a theism in the ordinary sense of the word. But Buddhism as a practical doctrine contains and has its foundation in one at least of the doctrines of the theism of the Western world—namely the doctrine that the individual life outlives the individual body; and though the final aim of the Buddhist is to escape from individual life altogether, he believes that this end is to be reached only through a succession of lives each of which constitutes a judgment on the life preceding it. For every life, therefore, that the Buddhist lives the moral sanction lies in his belief in a life that is to follow it. Thus just as all this is becoming more and more evident—all mental and moral life has a physical basis and all physical phenomena have a mental basis; just as the life of the man of action demands that of the man of thought

and the life of the man of thought demands that of the man of action, so does the life of both depend for its moral meaning on a religion which shall, in a manner intelligible to wise and foolish, connect the life of each individual human being with issues wider than the narrow and transitory existence, not only of himself but of his race, on this small and transitory planet.

A DONEGAL SALMON RIVER.

PERHAPS only for anglers but at least for anglers, the rivers of a country are what the eyes are in a face—not merely features but the vital characteristics. Other things vary as light falls upon them but a river itself changes, always the same yet never the same, capable of infinite range in colour and expression. And the rivers that a man longs for in London, when the streets swelter and even the parks cease to be a refuge from the heat, are the rivers of his own country. The Thames is always beautiful, silver, and stately in its measured progress between heavy woods; but that is not what we crave for who were bred among the heather. Down on the Bradford Avon you can scull up smooth reaches where the dip of either blade breaks the stillness under willows or overhanging maple; along the banks tall spikes of purple loosestrife, tall pink heads of willow herb, rise from a tangle of grasses and their colours blend rich yet delicate with the white rush of water over a low weir. In the twilight, the reaches take a cool deep green, deep as the shady side of the mirrored trees but translucent; yet that is not what we think of on sleepless nights. Kingsley has written wonderfully of chalk-streams; Sir Edward Grey is eloquent upon the attractions of the dry-fly; but "*haud equidem invideo, miror magis.*" Certainly the picture is infinitely more attractive than that of the wide-waisted gentlemen who fill their armchairs in a punt on the Thames beside a capacious luncheon basket; or the patient folk who all along the Avon watch between two willows for the bobbing of a float. But it is for a mountain-bred river that we sicken; and not for the beck of Cumberland, lovely as they are in their clear pools where every pebble shows through the grass green water, but for the brown and golden olive of a peaty stream with an outlet not too distant on the sea—a stream with all the fascination of a capricious woman, its quick changes of mood and feature, its delightful possibilities.

It is difficult to imagine that one of the greater rivers, the Shannon or the Erne, can so endear itself to the mind as a smaller stream which an angler can make his own fishing it without undue exertion almost from bank to bank. And certainly the river which has haunted one dreamer this sultry summer has little to boast of volume and less still of length. It runs perhaps in all two miles from lake to salt water; though, were it not for the natural extravagance of Irishmen, it should have no separate existence but be united under one name with its head waters. Even so it would not measure twenty miles though you followed the water to its remotest springs whence they drain down into Glen Veagh, most beautiful of Irish lakes except Killarney. From this sheet of water five miles long perhaps, and scarce over five hundred yards wide, cramped on the one hand by cliff walls, eagle haunted, with cascades dropping sheer three hundred feet over them, and on the other by steep hillside overgrown with oak and birch, mixed with scrub of juniper and deep heather, the river flows eastward. Then for ten miles it ploughs its way through bogland, in a succession of long deep sullen reaches, where the water loses all its brightness and the banks are high and crumbling. Then, working close under the brow of a hill, it flows past oakwood again, and through a swampy stretch where among bog myrtle the king fern grows luxuriant, higher than a tall man's head; and so through a belt of reeds it falls into a second lake and ceases to be the Owen Harrow. Half-way down Glen Lough, a lake somewhat wider than the other and not so wild and grand in its surroundings, the river breaks out again on the northward side toward the sea. All up this northern shore and along

the reed belt on the west is a famous fishing ground for salmon—but lake fishing has not the charm of throwing a line over river streams. Yet just where the river takes up its new course and new name as the Lackagh there is a famous throw—the Throat, they call it, a level stretch of water with a fringe of reeds on one bank. Here the fish are wont to lie idly after their desperate fight upward; far below this begin the rapids, a full mile of them, and over that mile last June you could travel the river-bed dry-shod to the lower pools, leaping from rock to rock. For in that month there had been a three weeks' drought, and all the bones of the river were laid bare; in some places the flow of water was confined to a jet not a yard wide rushing violently from one swirling hole among the broad flat stones down to another a yard below. Yet even so, salmon beat their way up, for in that month a grilse was caught in the lake with the sea lice still on him; but half his scales were battered off, and it had been a crawl rather than a swim from the sea to his quiet waters where in sheer wantonness and lightness of heart he found his fate.

At the bottom of the rapids you come to what is truly the Lackagh—just three pools above the tideway. Into the first the water comes aslant over a breadth of some thirty yards, but the main rush goes towards the north bank which is steep all the way down, whereas on the south side you have low stretches of heather, bracken, and bog myrtle running back to a hill. Just at the foot of the rapids is a round deep hole deepening to where a rowan bush overhangs a swirling current that swings gradually round to an angle of the rock, then issues blending with the lighter water in a straight swift pool. As it was in June, the current was only just traceable on an oily surface, and a great white trout, three or four pounds weight, leapt continually, while below him a grilse kept breaking the water with his purple back. But in vain one fished over them with trout tackle; a week later when the fresh had come and a strong run of curling water would be racing down the whole length to the wide rocky shallow, it might have been another story. Yet this upper hole, except in flood water, is only a third string—a hundred yards below it is a noble pool where the water enters with a rush and races down under the north shore; reeds line the bank, and in the slack water between the current and the reeds is sweet lying for a salmon. Below that the pool stretches, broad but not too broad, deep but not too deep for more than a gunshot, and on the north shore a little promontory of rock with green turf covering it projects and gives its name to the pool—"the grass garden"—an ideal spot to fish from. It is a rare day from April to October that you will not see fish moving there; but the real centre of fishing aspirations is The Pool (properly so called) below. Here the art of man has stepped in, to make conditions perfect. Below the "grass garden" is a swift-running shallow seventy yards wide or thereabouts; and all this water is held up by a dam of stones forcing it to a passage some four or five feet wide. Here was once an eel-weir but the place only keeps its name: and into the swift run of water bursting through it salmon flock up. The stream follows the south bank, passing some huge rocks, off all of which is excellent casting; and in flood there you can trace it as far as the "saddle rock," a queer-shaped stone that stands up in the water and marks the very farthest point that a lively fish when hooked is ever likely to run to. The pool itself stretches, too wide even for Enright to throw across, though piers have been built out into it, a good three hundred yards in length; and on a fine day in summer you may see the whole of it broken every minute with leaping and tumbling fish. But at the eel-weir chiefly they congregate and on a calm day when only the runs are fishable you may sit there for hours, casting for five minutes, then "resting" it for another five, and every ten minutes you may have salmon leaping on to your flies or over them—doing anything but take—till in sheer despair you strike savagely at the leap hoping at least to foul-hook one. What might be done in that place with a triangle, it is not becoming to speculate. Sometimes you will see on the weir a little tin box which reveals that someone has been trying—unsuccessfully, one hopes—the "garden-fly."

The Lackagh is of all known rivers the most capricious: the old keeper had a tale of a man who was given a month's fishing on it, fished it desperately for three weeks to no purpose and went away in disgust till returning on his last day to remove his goods he found a big flood up, a gale of wind blowing, chanced it once more; and killed twenty fish in the day. The thoughts that haunt the dreams of this writer have more hope in them than triumphant memory. But even to be there, to whip the water, and watch the fish sporting is enough. It is a pleasanter exercise than rowing, though one cannot throw a line like the keeper who comes up the north bank and fishes as his father taught him, who was the wittiest peasant and the best fisher in the county. His whole body seems of a piece with the motion of the rod, springy supple and strong, graceful with the grace of perfect human dexterity; and the line from its ample sweep shoots out across the wind, tracing where it falls a delicate line straight as a ruler could make it. Below the pool again one may try for a last chance the "trout hole" in the rapids that the rising tide covers; or below that again the brackish water under the bridge where sea-weed grows and the salmon come up with the flood till the whole place seems boiling over with them. Yet it is long odds but you fish in vain over their purple backs and silver sides; and, as you go home disconsolate to dinner, (the roadway follows the line of the river as it runs out into the tawny sands of Sheephaven) the last thing that you see will be a derisive grilse leaping to jeer at you.

THE MUSICIAN AS PREACHER.

SOME months ago, in "The Dome," under pretence of reviewing Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite," I uttered my most forcible protest against a general revival of the critical methods of Ruskin. Here, some weeks ago, under pretence of reviewing Mr. Ernest Newman's excellent "Study of Wagner," I reiterated that protest, but with special reference to much of the current criticism of Wagner. I pointed out that if Wagner has to stand or fall by the philosophical and ethical content of his music-dramas, he must inevitably fall; I claimed that it was time to raise him to his proper place as a mighty artist and to disregard the part of his work which, though to him perhaps the most important, is to us fatuous, irritating, and very often loathsome. I use this last word advisedly; and I apply it to the "teaching" of "Parsifal." Mr. David Irvine, that estimable Scot who has been striving with his whole soul for some years to make Wagner ridiculous, has delivered himself of the remarkable obiter dictum that to like one part of Wagner's work and not to like another part reveals a defect in the critic. Taking this astonishing saying in my hands as a flaming sword, I drive from their position Mr. Irvine himself, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ashton Ellis, and the whole crowd of them who go to take afternoon tea at Villa Wahnfried. I do not intrude into their private lives and ask them whether they practise what "Parsifal" teaches; I do ask them whether they accept its teaching. There is now no possible shuffling as to the teaching itself. In 1897 I said "Parsifal" is an immoral work; and, for those with eyes to see and brains to understand, I proved the charge. And lately the New York "Musical Courier" has translated and published the letters between Wagner and the mad king of Bavaria; and the dullest must understand. That Messrs. Chamberlain and Irvine will openly avow themselves preachers of the "Parsifal" gospel I do not believe; stout warriors and defenders of the ineffably stupid though they may be, I am certain they have not courage enough for that. They are bound to retire from the position; they can no longer hold that to appreciate Wagner the master-artist it is indispensable to accept Wagner the fumbling philosopher; and with the disappearance of the ancient arguments the air is cleared so that we can see Wagner as he was at his best, and it becomes possible to admire him the more. The Bayreuth army was trying to drag him into the gutter.

Immediately after my protest appeared in these

columns a critic of reputation sent me a letter which I give nearly complete, as it itself is merely a summary, and cannot be condensed. Here it is:—"Dear J. F. R.,—Your article [on Mr. Newman's book] raises a point over which you will break your shins continually until you settle it accurately. You can't dispose of the 'Ring,' or any other big work, by pointing out that the particular philosophy which impelled the poet to create it is wrong, or obsolete, or uninteresting. That may be, and generally is, true enough; but if you leave the matter there, the conclusion most likely to be drawn is that artists should not meddle with philosophy, and all the rest of the 'art for art's sake' twaddle. The truth surely is that 'art's sake' is too feeble a motive to produce the enormous effort needed to create a big work of art. You may not believe in Bunyan's theology; but all the difference between 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and 'A Sentimental Journey' was produced by the fact that Bunyan believed that his work was a picture of human life in its deepest realities, whilst Sterne wrote for the amusement of amateurs like Walpole, and did that so well only because he was a sort of preacher too. You have the same difference between the tragedy of Wotan and the tragedy of Samson as set forth by St. Saens. Ditto between Carlyle's Cromwell or Frederick and Henry James's latest story. Ditto between Ibsen and Scribe, Beethoven and Meyerbeer, Dante and the heroes of the Dunciad, and so on. You see it in every art, and in every degree of every art: the man who is merely pandering to the sensuous and nervous charms of his art does nothing but debase the glories of the great men into confectionery, whilst the man with a gospel forces new forms and splendors on art in order to express what he conceives to be a momentous truth. The fact that he may be wrong in so conceiving it—that his truth may be an error or an absurdity—does not matter at all so long as it nerves him to make his art say something new and to force it on the public in spite of obloquy and starvation.

"Why did Rossini, who seems to have been born with more specific musical aptitude than Wagner, stop composing after 'William Tell'? The composer of the prayer in 'Moses' was certainly not prevented by musical deficiency from composing the Hero motive in The Ring: there is a ghastly sort of resemblance between them: the purely musical grandeur is produced in the same way, by the same metric stride. I take it it was because Rossini had nothing particular to say to the world, and knew it. You may be right in saying that Wagner was in the same position and didn't know it; but the result in Rossini's case was nothing, and in Wagner's the 'Ring.'

"I submit then that a message is indispensable to a Ringmaster, and that Art will never do anything for its own sake except repeat its old successes without the old success."

This letter appears at the first glance like a vigorous and very terrible attack on me. Examined more closely it turns out to help me in so far as it touches on any points I have ever raised; and it contains some truth about a question I have never raised, though I have often thought of raising it. The latter is the value of a gospel as an incentive to the production of art. Leaving it for just a moment, let me show how the writer virtually agrees with me as to value or valuelessness of the philosophical or ethical content of Wagner's music-dramas. He says "you can't dispose of the 'Ring,' or any other big work, by pointing out that the particular philosophy which impelled the poet to create it is wrong, or obsolete, or uninteresting. That may be, and generally is, true enough." I never wanted to "dispose of" the "Ring." I only wanted the greatness and splendour of the "Ring" to be recognised. The people who have tried to "dispose of" the "Ring"—or, as I have just put it, have tried to drag Wagner into the gutter—are those who have confined their criticism to a criticism of its philosophical content and his philosophy. There is charming irony in the fact that while they have always thought they were demonstrating the magnificence of the philosophy and the greatness of the philosopher, to all sane and educated people they have done nothing more than show the philosophy to be "wrong, or obsolete, or uninteresting," and the

philosopher to be, qua philosopher, a very baby. Criticism of the content of an art-work is simply irrelevant: if "you can't dispose of" it by that criticism, neither can you glorify it that way. To metaphysicians or moralists it may be an interesting and even jovial task to consider the metaphysics of the "Ring" or the ethics of "Parsifal;" but these things have nothing to do with art.

If I condemn the metaphysicians and amateurish musical bunglers who have written and, I suppose, sold books about Wagner, is it true that "the conclusion most likely to be drawn is that artists should not meddle with philosophy, and all the rest of the 'art for art's sake' philosophy"? I hope not. In these columns at least I thought that there could be no doubt as to that matter. In dealing with it I have been courageous to the point of rashness. Did I not draw down upon myself the wrath of the Incorporated Society of Musicians by urging its members, in the most emphatic manner, to read one book? And though of course no artist would ever dream of joining the Incorporated Society of Musicians, which, after all, is only a Society of Musical Grocers, from no utterance of mine can it be inferred that I do not wish artists also to read one book, and, if possible, two. The more musical artists read the better; the more deeply they are interested in every phase and manifestation of human life the better. No musician can be much the worse for the possession of a little intellect. I will even go so far as to say that no musician will write fine music at present unless he understands and is in sympathy with the age's deepest thoughts and longings. Decorative music is not for us of to-day: the burden of the centuries and of our time lies too heavily on us for us willingly to spend our days in amusing ourselves (which is decoration). Illusion after illusion has been swept away, and we are just beginning to recognise the tremendous problem of existence; and though no solution of the problem can be found, to every man the most important and absorbing thing in life is the emotion aroused by its contemplation. With one hand science and the scientific spirit have, by surgery, medicine and a hundred other things, added to our days; with the other hand they are taking our years away from us. Underground and electric railways, electrical cabs, automobiles, the telegraph and telephones, all the things that wear our nervous systems by noise and by getting us out of bed at exasperating and unnatural times; the bustle and haste of existence, cramming as much into our twenty-four hours as our forefathers experienced in twenty-four days or weeks—these have all shortened life enormously: we have barely time to realise the wonder and joyousness of the spectacle, and certainly not enough time to comprehend its meaning, before our little hour is over. The very sense of the beauty of things and their incomprehensibility makes the modern man's feelings the stronger in their presence. All the modern composers, Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Borodin, even Schumann, have been enormously preoccupied with the conundrum of life; and at the tail-end of the century it is not at all likely that the men with the brain and heart of creators will be less engrossed by it. So far, therefore, from talking "art for art's sake" twaddle," I assert that for some time to come—until, in fact, the balance between the inner man and the outer world is restored, and we can live again carelessly and happily—the desire to say something, to express one's profoundest feelings, will be stronger than the desire to make pretty art-toys.

Does it follow that no one will create noble art-forms unless he feels, like a nonconformist leader-writer, that he has a "message"? (How one has learnt to detest that word "message.") On the contrary, the "message" was the product of the middle of the century, when everyone had his answer to the great puzzle: the trend of things of which I have spoken indicates that people will more and more realise the incompleteness and indeed fatuousness of all "message." Moreover, the message was never the cause of great art-works: it was a concomitant; the same thought and emotion that impelled the mid-century artist to create his work also compelled him to formulate and deliver his message. It may be true—it probably is true—that Wagner would not have created the "Ring" without

a message, for he was Wagner, the born missionary. But what message had Beethoven to deliver, or Mozart in his Requiem? These men wrote, as Tennyson's linnet sang, because they must. And now, as then, the spectacle and drama of life are quite sufficient to draw the most splendid music from the genuine composers without any desire to preach. Even in the case of Richard, the desire to preach did not "force new forms and splendors" on art. It forced a great deal of dulness and superfluous metaphysics into the "Ring;" and all the finest parts are the direct expression of his emotions before the human tragedies of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and of Siegfried and Brünnhilde.

J. F. R.

"THE GHETTO," AND OTHER PLAYS.

IT is the fashion to regard the Jews as an extremely interesting people, and thus "The Ghetto," throughout which Herr Heyermans is evidently trying to prove that they are not interesting at all, is a rather daring paradox. If the author had merely tried to prove that Jews in modern times are becoming less and less interesting, I should have welcomed his effort as making for the truth. For there is no doubt that (in England, at least) they must be gradually losing those characteristics which centuries of persecution and isolation created and conserved in them. But Herr Heyermans has set forth to show that even in the Ghetto of Amsterdam, A.D. 1817, they were uninteresting; and that, surely, is to embark on a wilful perversion of historic truth. Nor does he even prove his point. For all his courage and ingenuity, the paradox does not quite come off. The milieu and the characters are fascinating in spite of him. There is an old man, Sachel, of the strictest sect, who plans that Rafael, his well-beloved son, shall marry Rebecca, Aaron's daughter. There is Rafael, full of music, full of hatred for the trickery which his father practises in his lust of wealth, full of contempt for the narrow faith in which he has been reared, and full of love for the Christian girl who is his father's servant. Here, surely, we have the makings of a most fascinating conflict—the conflict of youth and passion with the patriarchal idea; the old theme of father against son, intensified and made more poignant by the fact that it is a Jewish son against a Jewish father. Yes! all the makings of a great drama are there, and we cannot help being interested in them, even though Herr Heyermans has manipulated them in a trivial and tedious manner. We feel that the material is quite excellent, even though it has been so woefully neglected that every act is eked out with interminable staccato speeches and little irrelevant incidents. The chief mistake made by Herr Heyermans, the fault that vitiates the whole course of his play, is that Rafael has secretly married the Christian servant before the beginning of the first act. In order to get really dramatic force out of his idea, the author ought not to have let Rafael even have fallen in love before the beginning. The audience ought to see him falling in love, while his father is planning his marriage with Rebecca; then, after the first revolt and defiance, the conflict between son and father would have carried the rest of the play through, naturally and impressively. As it is, the first two acts—or rather (since the second act is divided into two long scenes) the first three acts—are practically wasted. Not before the very end of the second act does the son formally make known his defiance of his father. The curtain falls on his tirade, and even in the last act no real tussle occurs between the two. Indeed, what real tussle can there be over an accomplished fact? There is only an old-fashioned game of "keeping apart." Rafael, for one reason or another has gone away, leaving his wife in his father's house. A week has elapsed. The father tells the girl that her husband has deserted her. She promptly throws herself into the river, and the young man, returning in the nick of time, rescues her.

"Who put her in?"

Little Tommy Green.

Who pulled her out?"

Little Johnny Stout."

That is all, and it is not, I contend, an impressive con-

clusion. It may not be quite fair to judge Herr Heyermans by the production at the Comedy Theatre, which he has himself repudiated. In the original version, doubtless little Johnny Stout drowns himself too, and little Tommy Green is left to live a life of mourning and remorse. But even that is unsatisfactory: no inevitable solution, but only a cheap "way out of it," disguised as tragedy. Altogether, I do not quite see how the play came to be—my programme assures me that it is—"celebrated." There are, after all, so many plays with good main ideas ruined by ill-treatment.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew played the part of Rafael, but not even he, with all his elocution and his gift of eternal youth, was able to make Rafael anything but an insufferably tedious and long-winded prig. Mr. G. S. Titheradge was quite admirable as Sachel, really seeming like a blind man—I forgot to mention that Sachel was blind. His only fault was that he had not made up his hands, whose smoothness and plumpness were in worrying contrast with his wrinkled and withered face. If the play is still running, he ought to rectify the omission. Mr. Beveridge did not seem to have quite entered into the spirit of his part. As an Irish priest he is always excellent, but a Dutch Rabbi requires a slightly altered method; and Mr. Beveridge had not altered his method "at all, at all." Mrs. Brown Potter's perpetually arch and enigmatic smile, as of one listening to something through a keyhole, and the roguish artificiality of her method in acting, did not befit the part of the Christian drudge.

At the Duke of York's there is a renewed run of "An American Citizen," and, though the play and my opinion of it are the same as they were in the summer, Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott are such admirable comedians, so quick, sure and sympathetic, that no one need grudge a second visit, still less a first. At the Vaudeville there is a new farce, called "The Elixir of Youth" and—need I add?—adapted from the German. It is not better nor worse than most things of the kind. It contains a jealous Irish lover, a jealous French lover and a jealous English husband, all of whom are very violent and therefore (according to the public's canons) very funny. And its main motive is safe to give pleasure: an old married man coming up from the country and going out on the spree. Mr. George Giddens plays this familiar old man, and it is only because the leering-senility business always seems to me the reverse of pleasant that I cannot honestly say I was delighted with his performance. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as an actress to whom the old man makes advances, played loudly and resolutely, but she did not make much of her part; she seemed to be trying hard not to be a lady, but never for one moment quite succeeding. Miss Juliette Nesville played the part of a maid with that foreign accent which English audiences mistake for "finish," and various other more or less popular mimes disported themselves more or less cheerfully. By far the best performance was Miss Florence Wood's. This had the true ring of broad comedy, sounded by an hereditary artist.

Mr. Murray Carson is at Kennington, reviving the faded glories of the stock company. "Richard the Third," his first item, was produced last Monday. Nothing, not even a well-chosen stock company, can make of it a good play. It is terribly diffuse and artificial, and lacks even those purple patches of poetry which Shakespeare so often wove in when he felt that he was not being dramatic. One would say that Shakespeare wrote it in a perfunctory spirit, and not because he had anything particular to write round Richard the Third, but merely that he might make an addition to the number of plays he had already written round English kings. Whatever be the explanation, the fact is indubitable: the play is very tedious indeed. Mr. Murray Carson, as the King, expended a great deal of cleverness and physical force, but, though he made us admire him, he could not induce us to believe in the part. Miss Grace Warner played tamely as Lady Anne. The whole scene of the wooing is so impossible that the actress should not attempt to give her part verisimilitude. The only thing is to roll out the lines quickly and sonorously and not give the audience any time to think. Miss Warner, unfortunately, hesitated and paltered, and all was lost. Mrs.

Bernard Beere played sweepingly and well, in the grand manner, as Margaret, and Mrs. Carson did all that could be done with the part of Elizabeth. I look forward to the next production. MAX.

FINANCE.

IN its customary mercurial fashion the Stock Exchange has this week quite recovered from the fit of doleful dumps which caused prices to drop so materially last week. Just as then every broker and jobber opined that war was certain, now they are all equally convinced that peace is assured. Consequently the Settlement, which has occupied most of the week, has been carried through under much less unfavourable circumstances than appeared probable when we last wrote. Similarly the conclusion of the Dreyfus trial and the expectation that Captain Dreyfus will be pardoned by the French President as a logical and necessary result of the "extenuating circumstances" verdict of the Court-Martial, has allayed the nervousness which was felt with regard to the future course of the market in Paris. If Dreyfus is pardoned and if President Kruger does at last give an unequivocal assent to the proposals of the British Government we may see next week more active times than we have witnessed on the Stock Exchange for some months past. In other departments as well as in the South African market there has also been a much more hopeful feeling and the prices both of Home railways and of American railway stocks seem to be preparing for a considerable advance. There is still some uneasiness with regard to the monetary situation, but it is gradually dying away and when, as we anticipate, it is found that the autumn pressure is not going to have such serious effects as the pessimists believed we do not doubt that a very considerable upward movement will manifest itself in the American market. There is no doubt that the general feeling is very much more sanguine than it has been for a long time past and though of course it is impossible to know what a day may bring forth and although bad news from the Transvaal, disturbances in Paris, or another monetary flurry, may dissipate in a moment the rosy visions which are floating about the Stock Exchange just now, that need not prevent us from sharing for the moment the more cheerful feeling which prevails.

The Bank Return on Thursday at once allayed the fears with regard to the future of the money market due to the withdrawals of gold for abroad during the week, for although £426,000 was on balance taken out of the country the return of coin from the provinces and a contraction in the note circulation prevented the Reserve from being depleted. The total Reserve in fact increased by £124,239 and the proportion of Reserve to liabilities increased $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to $52\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The total reserve is at the present time nearly half a million higher than on the corresponding date a year ago, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher. Day-to-day money still remains cheap, and there is not much demand for it, but discount rates are well up to the Bank of England's minimum, and the central institution appears to be doing a large amount of the discount business. It is clear that the Bank is determined to keep absolute control of the market, for a further diminution of £693,533 shows that Lombard Street is still being depleted of its supply of cash. With the Bank of England master of the home market there is no need to fear any grave results from Autumn stringency. All that is likely to happen is, as we have frequently predicted, that money will be dear, but any monetary crisis, except in quite unforeseen contingencies, may be safely assumed to be impossible. The fact that gold has already begun to leave the country indicates no doubt that shortly the Bank rate will have to be raised, and the Directors of the Bank of England have shown themselves to be so conversant with the position that no hesitation is likely to be displayed in taking this necessary step. But with the knowledge that the position is sound a high Bank rate is not likely to have any unfavourable influence upon the activity of trade in the country, nor yet upon activity in the stock markets, if political questions

begin to assume a less threatening aspect. A high Bank rate at the present time is in reality only the outward and visible sign of the great activity of trade. So long as profits continue to be made in industry on a large scale people are naturally ready to pay higher interest on borrowed money. It is when money cannot be profitably employed in trade and manufactures that it becomes cheap and there is no immediate prospect that this is going to be the case. No doubt in the end over-production and over-speculation will eventually lead to depression, but before this economic result of great activity comes about it seems probable that we shall enjoy another year or two of prosperity. The same conditions exist in both Germany and the United States and although money will therefore be dearer in Berlin and New York the scares which are started from time to time, no doubt with deliberate intent, regarding the position in these two centres, can only have temporary and not very important effects.

There has been a little more activity in the Home Railway market during the week, but the halcyon days of this department from the speculator's point of view do not seem likely ever to return. Most of the stocks are now held as solid investment securities and the prices move mainly in sympathy with political and monetary conditions. The most important incident of the week has been the declaration of the North British dividend at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, with £1,450 carried forward. This is the same dividend as last year but the balance forward is considerably less. The announcement came as a surprise to the market, for estimates had been indulged in that the dividend might be passed altogether and at the best would not be more than half per cent., as it was thought that the new board would have wiped out the whole of the deficiency in the provision for bad debts and other items, a deficiency which is in fact the *raison d'être* of the new board. The directors however have chosen the less extreme course and instead of wiping out the whole deficiency from the revenue of the half-year they have provided for a half of it only. The result, although satisfactory enough for the shareholders, does not say much for the courage of the directors, since it is clear that they have chosen this course as being the more popular one. There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction also in the market on account of certain buying from the North which has given rise to suspicions that the decision of the board was known beforehand to the people who were buying. North British stocks have always had an unenviable reputation in this respect and the new régime would appear not to have succeeded in stopping the leakages which have on former occasions aroused a good deal of indignation. In itself and under the conditions the dividend announcement is satisfactory and North British Ordinary has naturally received an increment in value. For the rest Home Railway stocks generally are firm in tone and the continued activity of trade and important traffic increases following on the top of the big increases last year, justify the favourable views which are generally expressed with regard to the future of the market.

One Home Railway security which has not attracted as much attention as it deserves, except from a few far-seeing operators, is likely soon to be much more in evidence than before. We learn that the new Central London Railway is rapidly approaching completion and it is probable that trial trains will be run upon the line at the end of the present year or at the beginning of next year. It is expected that it will be possible to open the line for public traffic in the early spring. The report of the company for the first half of the present year stated that already, three months ago, the whole of the main line and station tunnels were completed, that the permanent way was finished throughout the up and down tunnels and that more than half the electric locomotives were ready. Good progress has been made with the remainder of the work to be done, so that there is every likelihood that the forecast made above as to the time when the company will commence actual operations will be fulfilled. It is natural that Londoners should display great interest

in this undertaking, for when it is actually completed it should, and there is not the least doubt will, make an enormous difference in the facilities for getting from one part of London to another. Trial trips through the tunnel have already been made upon one or two occasions and it is satisfactory to learn that the atmosphere, thanks to the excellent system of ventilation adopted, is remarkably pure, warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the upper air, and that a journey 80 feet under the surface of London's streets will therefore be very different from the experience which has to be endured when travelling in the existing big underground lines. The entire cost of the railway and its equipment will be well under 3½ millions and since the company can quite safely reckon on carrying from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 passengers per mile per annum the share capital is likely to be a stock paying excellent dividends. If the average receipts per passenger are taken as 2d. the net receipts after paying all expenses will be sufficient to pay the Preference interest of 4 per cent., and 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and will still leave 1 per cent. over for contingencies. The estimate of the number of passengers to be carried is, however, based on the experience of the Metropolitan Company and as the Central London Railway will possess very great advantages over the former in the matter of pure air, good lighting and a high rate of speed, it is probable that the estimate is a good deal under the mark. It has, moreover, to be taken into consideration that the route of the Central London is one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world. The present price of the Ordinary £10 shares is only 10½, so that with a 5 per cent. dividend practically assured and a considerably larger dividend in prospect they seem extremely cheap. As a permanent investment they should in the long run prove more lucrative than any other at present to be found in the Home Railway market.

The Settlement has disclosed quite an unexpected state of affairs in the American railway market. It was generally believed that a very ragged bull account existed here, but the way in which rates eased off at the carry-over showed with sufficient clearness that this impression was incorrect and the fact is important since it probably signifies an immediate rise in American stocks as soon as the effects of the recent money flurry in New York have disappeared. Before the carry-over there was a good deal of banging of American rails both here and in Wall Street, and when on Saturday last the New York Bank statement showed that the surplus reserve had fallen nearly seven million dollars and the cash ten and a half million dollars there was at first a disposition on Monday to carry the downward movement further. The discovery of the truth, however, with regard to the position of the account and a little attentive consideration of the New York Bank statement gave pause to the more reflective operators and although there is as yet some hesitation in starting the rise it seems probable that it will soon begin. By far the greater part of the cash loss in the New York Bank statement is due to four banks and the enormous changes in the case of these particular institutions undoubtedly give a false aspect to the general position. It is well known in America that these particular banks are under the control of very big but not very scrupulous operators, and the belief is becoming general that their cash and reserves are manipulated by these operators for the express purpose of affecting the market. The position of the great majority of the banks is very much more favourable than is indicated by the combined statement, and since there appears to be little doubt that the country banks of the United States are all in a very strong position and hold considerable reserves it is extremely doubtful whether there will be such a large movement of cash to the interior in the autumn as interested persons would like people generally to believe. If this reasoning is sound, in view of the extraordinary prosperity of American railways a considerable upward movement in American securities before the end of the year is inevitable. Operators on this side at any rate are beginning to be prepared for such an event. Especially we would call attention to Union Pacific

Preference and Ordinary, Northern Pacifics, New York Centrals, Eries and last, but not least, Atchison Preference as likely to improve considerably in value in the near future.

The African market, in spite of the more sanguine view which is now being taken, still presents great difficulties to those who endeavour to foresee the future course of prices. On all sides the last dispatch from the British Government to the South African Republic has been welcomed as calculated to bring the crisis to a speedy conclusion, and if, brought to bay, Mr. Kruger decides without phrases to grant the minimum concessions demanded there is no doubt that there will be an immediate improvement in the prices of South African gold-mining shares. That this improvement will be permanent is, however, much less certain, for even if Mr. Kruger does assent without conditions to the British demands it will still be some time before the Capetown Conference can meet and settle the details of the franchise proposals and it will be impossible to have any certainty that in the course of the Conference other difficulties may not arise which will throw the whole question again into the melting-pot. On the other hand, if the Transvaal Executive again endeavours to attach conditions to its concession of the franchise on Sir Alfred Milner's terms, uneasiness will once more prevail and an outbreak of hostilities will appear almost inevitable, with the result that there will be a further severe relapse in prices. It is therefore only possible to adhere to our former opinion. Those who hold South African shares would be unwise to sell, since present prices are well below intrinsic values, and those who are waiting for a favourable moment to buy will do well to wait a little longer, as there is still a possibility that lower prices will be reached. So far there has been little real buying and selling in the market, and the improvement in values during the week has been due merely to the automatic marking up of prices by dealers in consequence of the supposed improvement in the outlook. The actual state of the account is somewhat of a puzzle. It has been repeated over and over again that there is practically no account open for the rise in the South African market. There are, however, indications that this statement does not by any means represent the actual state of the case. At the settlement just concluded, for instance, carrying-over rates showed no tendency to ease off, as they would have done had there been no bull account open, or if there had been any considerable bear account. No doubt such bear selling as may have taken place last week was hastily covered on Monday in anticipation of the Settlement, but the fact that rates remain firm and comparatively high shows that there is certainly some bull account in existence and that it is not of insignificant dimensions. What is probably the truth is that the account open for the rise is on behalf of very strong operators and that there is absolutely no ragged element present in the market. Only in this way can the fact be explained that prices present such a steady front and fall so little even when the outlook appears most threatening.

Although the slump in Westralians has been arrested and the bulls have plucked up a little courage again it is still impossible to look upon the general position of the market as sound, and those who can see a profit on their purchases will be much wiser to realise it, rather than to hang on for a bigger profit or to stick to their holdings as investments. For the latter purpose Westralians are in fact quite valueless, except in the case of two or three of the more respectably managed properties. During the week there has again been a crop of reports concerning the striking of new lodes and these have given some show of strength to the market but it is impossible to consider them as other than the manoeuvres of speculators even when the statements happen to be true. One report, however, is of some importance. The Great Boulder Proprietary has a property near the Ivanhoe South on which a valuable strike has been made, and since this will result in the flotation of a new company to work the ground, with considerable profit to the parent company, there will probably be an ad-

vance in the price of Great Boulders. As they are to be reckoned amongst those shares which have not as yet been unduly inflated they are therefore worth some attention on the part of the speculator. In the Miscellaneous Mining Market the improved state of affairs in Paris has caused renewed attention to be given to Rio Tintos, and it is not improbable that before very long these shares will reach 50. The Company has already a very substantial dividend in hand and with the price of copper steadily maintained the shareholders are certain to receive enough to make the shares a profitable investment at their present price. Another miscellaneous security of which little has been heard recently, Burma Rubies, is likely soon to receive more attention. It would seem as if the Company is at last getting within reach of the dividend stage, for it has succeeded in getting a large reduction in the rent paid to the Indian Government and its lease has been renewed. As the stones are now being found in appreciably larger quantities than before the shares at their price have considerable possibilities.

The Kent Fire and the United Kent Life are two separate Insurance Companies worked by the same officials and intimately connected with one another. Although established in the early years of the present century, they have only recently begun to develop in a way that is consistent with their merits. The report of the Fire Office calls for little comment. The Fire Premium Income was £85,971, showing the relatively large increase of £10,000 as compared with the previous year. The losses absorbed 44.2 per cent. of the premiums and the expenses 26.3 per cent., together amounting to 80.5 per cent., leaving 20 per cent. of the premiums as profit for the shareholders in addition to the interest on their funds. In a year which has been unfortunate for fire offices in general this is an exceptionally good record, and speaks well for the care and skill of the management. In the Life Department the Premium Income was £40,827, which is nearly double the corresponding item of seventeen years ago, and maintains the steady progress that has characterised the Life Office for the past few years. The expenditure amounted to 15.7 per cent. of the premiums, equivalent to 80 per cent. of new premiums and 8 per cent. of renewals, ratios which are about the average expenditure of British offices in general, and exhibit a large reduction as compared with the expenses of the United Kent in the previous two years. After deducting income tax the return upon the total funds was £3.19 per cent., a rate which is above the average, and shows a fair margin over the 3 per cent. assumed in the valuation. The claims were much heavier than usual, amounting to over £50,000, as compared with an average of about £33,000 for the last five years. The system of bonus distribution adopted by the Company, is especially good for policies of long standing, and if the office were only a little better known, its growth would probably be considerably greater than even the accelerated progress of recent years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RENT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is the humane custom of the Fabian Society, when it knocks an inept economist or politician down and tramples on him, to pick him up and dust him afterwards. Having destroyed your contributor in his assumed character of economist, let me rehabilitate him in his underlying reality as man and brother. He was right, after all, in his main point: that what is wrong with the relation of landlord and tenant is its exclusively commercial nature. His error lay in dreaming that in a modern city the commercial relation could, by the elimination of all middlemen between the tenant and the freeholder, be led back to the patriarchalism of the model village owned by a public-spirited, good-natured squire. And he was in still deeper error in supposing that any citizen class would accept a position of dependency on the benevolence of their landlords as a solution of the

housing question. The only uncommercial industrial relation now possible in cities is the relation between the voter and the public body he elects.

There is a moment in the often-repeated history of civilisation when mankind, carried by the pursuit of individual interests, pecuniary and salvational, to a point signalled by the culmination of Liberalism in Democracy, quite suddenly misses its way, and after struggling for a period in a morass of blackguardism, tumbles back to its starting point in a disastrous *dégringolade*. The point is always the same: it occurs when Liberalism has won political liberty, not for a people capable of freedom, but for a huge proletariat which has become convinced that its interest lies in having plenty of rich men to attach itself to like leeches. England has reached that point; and the question now is, will she get past it or fall back down the hill. She does not seem better qualified to succeed than Egypt or Rome was; but in the days of my youth I thought she might do it, with the help of the Fabian Society. That was fifteen years ago. To-day I am not so sanguine; for the blackguardism has set in with a vengeance; and the Liberal party, which alone could have led the advance then, is now in the casual ward of politics, so abject in its impotent disgrace that even the Fabian Society has not the heart to say "We told you so." And its place has not been taken by any new party.

It is the old story: commercial civilisation has grown until it has raised problems which the men it has produced have neither the courage nor the knowledge to solve. The Londoner has the labours of Hercules to achieve; and he is not a Hercules. When he is not too poor to think of anything beyond next quarter's rent and next year's rates, his ambition is to have plenty of rich customers to overcharge. He is forced by physical necessity to organise the requisite supply of streets and street lamps in concert with his fellow-citizens; but being under no such brute compulsion to organise the supply of houses, he leaves that duty undone, and is delighted to be spiritually advised by Canon Gore to blame somebody else for the worst of the results. (Canon Gore must excuse me: it really serves him right.) He is even willing that public bodies should punish and coerce this somebody else provided they do so without raising the rates. Hence we get the iniquitous bastard Socialism which grabs at the social benefit proposed by the Socialists, but calmly passes a law to force some section of the community to pay the bill. For example, on its being pointed out that our workmen should be insured against accidents, we replied "Certainly: let us make a law that the employer in whose shop a man happens to be hurt shall make it up to the poor fellow in cash." This is another sign that we are at that dangerous point from which so many mighty nations have fallen back. When the next step in advance is Socialism, Man proves too mean for it; and the policy of plundering a minority of voters to propitiate a majority is preferred, with finally ruinous results.

Accordingly, we have passed a number of Acts to compel the house-owning class to put our houses into perfect sanitary order, and to abstain from overcrowding them. We might just as well have passed Acts to compel every adult male in the country to keep a carriage and pair. In the typical London parish of which I am one of the last of the Vestrymen, there are people, not paupers, who are in the workhouse because they cannot find lodgings outside it. The rest, forced into heaps by three gigantic railway wedges driven, thick end foremost, into a populous district, must either sleep overcrowded or sleep in the streets. The laws against overcrowding cannot be carried out without enormous building and land purchasing operations, which the oppressed ratepayers cannot afford. The County Council storms, and demands the appointment of seven additional sanitary inspectors. The Vestry grudgingly offers two, knowing perfectly well that a hundred sanitary inspectors cannot put quarts of population into pints of room accommodation. Theoretically, the Vestry has power to put the parish into perfect sanitary order at the private expense of the house-owners. Practically, the house-owners cannot afford it, and would, if such a thing were seriously attempted, unseat

every vestryman, with the full support of their tenants, who know that in point of inconvenience and danger to health, having the drains up in a really dirty house is rather worse than the chance of an outbreak of scarlet fever.

This state of things is as stale locally as it is historically. In that by-this-time conveniently forgotten document, the report of the House of Lords Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, the bad spots in St. Pancras figure prominently with monstrous death rates and monstrous room rents. Private enterprise has done nothing to improve matters, because private enterprise picks the plums out of the building business, and depends on public enterprise to deal with its leavings. Naturally public bodies can do very little on such terms. Suppose, for example, the Postmaster-General were asked to carry our letters on condition that in every place where a letter could be carried at a profit for less than a penny, any private firm might step in and carry it, leaving the Post Office only the remoter villages to attend to! The public postal system would break down financially at once; rates of postage would go up; and the man with a dozen letters to post would save a halfpenny on some only to lose sixpence on others. Consequently we do not allow anybody but our own public postman to carry letters. Yet we allow everybody except the public authorities to build the houses that pay; and we leave only the ones that do not to the unfortunate ratepayer!

The housing problem in London will be settled when nobody but the District or County Council is allowed to erect any building whatsoever in the metropolitan area, and when the Council is bound to find a minimum of accommodation at a minimum charge for every citizen. That is the remedy—that and nothing else. As it is flat Socialism, and we meanly hate Socialism, we will not adopt it if we can help it. Let us therefore consider how far we may be driven towards it by our very efforts to avoid it.

The more we put up the legal standard of building by Building Acts, Public Health Acts, and sanitary bye-laws, all framed to force private persons to do what we should do publicly for ourselves, the more we shall narrow the field within which private enterprise is profitable. For a time private enterprise will rise to the occasion with abler men wielding vaster capitals and absorbing our host of little builders as employees; but it will still run after the most desirable customers, who are not the inhabitants of Giles's Rents. It will build churches, mansions, factories, theatres and railway stations, not fourpenny dosshouses and flats at half a crown a week. The sturdy English view that every piece of public work is a job for somebody does not extend to unremunerative jobs; and the surviving small builders, harassed by Health Committees, will finally say to the District Council: "Either let me do it as I like and get what I can out of it, or else do it yourself."

But then the ratepayer steps in, frantically protesting against the Council doing that or anything else that costs money. At present the funds to buy land and build with can only be raised on condition of repayment within a couple of generations or so. Now the ratepayer is quite of the opinion of the Irishman who asked what posterity had done for him that he should be continually called on to do something for it. Even were Londoners disposed to make the twenty-first century a present of streets of houses which it would, let us hope, refuse to live in, they cannot afford such generosity. They are paying through the nose as it is: the rates in St. Pancras have reached such a point that even the proposed extra expenditure of £300 a year for two additional sanitary inspectors among quarter of a million inhabitants was refused by the Vestry until the County Council threatened to resort to force. Theoretically, no doubt, the rates fall on the landlord; and the theory is quite sound and works out correctly enough in the gross from century to century; but it rests on the assumption that the rents are all and always true rackrents. Ratepaying London, however, is never at any given moment rackrented up to date: there are very few of us who would not rather pay another £2 a year than move, if that alternative were

forced on us. And if the rates go up £2, we do not say to the landlord: "Deduct this from our rent, or we move": we take the burden on ourselves and grumble, with the curious result that rent-plus-rates, which is the true total rent, is being forced up to rackrent by modern municipal activity under the stimulus of Socialism.

The clamour of the ratepayer against the rates is only one jaw of the vice in which the Councils will be squeezed. On the other side comes the pressure for more liberal expenditure from the municipal workman, who is not directly rated. He demands shorter hours, higher wages, and more holidays, as well as municipal dwellings. In private employment these things often mean more efficient service and pay for themselves: in public employment there is always so much more work to be done than the ratepayers will voluntarily pay for, that all economies are absorbed by a stolen extension of operations; so that at last, wretched ratepayers who cannot afford to paper and paint their houses once in ten years look with mingled rage and envy on the marbles, mosaics, and goldfish of the lavatories placed at their disposal by the parish.

The way out of the difficulty has been pointed out again and again. There are in London about eighteen millions annually of pure ground rent, not to mention other forms of unearned income, waiting for municipal death duties and progressive income rates. But to impose such duties and rates would be to attack the rich; and as every Londoner means to be one of the rich before he dies, and to attain this end by plundering them in the meantime, he will not hear of such a resource. And there is no other resource. Consequently we shall no doubt have our few centuries of blackguardism and then enter into "ancient history" with Egypt and Rome.

After all, is capitalistic civilisation fit for anything but the rubbish heap? I have just read in one of the reviews an article by an American lady to the effect that the people who object to negroes being paraffined and burnt, or distributed in small gobbets to a crowd in search of souvenirs, can hardly be aware that a negro once refused to give up his seat in a tramcar to her. Did Rome and Egypt, in the most precipitous moment of their descent, ever beat that, I wonder?

You are wasting space on this subject, Mr. Editor: it will not be of the slightest use. We don't want to house our poor: that is the long and short of it.

Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE POSITION IN SOUTH AFRICA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

Cape Town, 24 August 1899.

SIR,—The land at Cape Town at this present time after three weeks of unagitated existence at sea is almost equivalent to receiving an electric shock. The Transvaal question has as it were laid a train of dynamite throughout South Africa and an explosion is taking place in the mind of each inhabitant. The tension arising from these months of suspense has been so great, that even the wisest and the coolest heads have become extreme and turned partizan. The Transvaal question has assumed very wide proportions and they widen every day. South Africa is thoroughly aroused and very much divided. African loyalists look to England for help in their hour of need and the other half of the population, the disaffected Dutch, earnestly hope that she may not affirm her position nor assert her paramountcy. They desire gradually but surely to push England aside and unite with their Boer brethren from North to South so that the Kruger-Hofmeyr dream of a Dutch United South Africa may be realised.

The High Commissioner thoroughly grasps the situation and stands firm as a rock. He knows the ungrateful, encroaching and utterly untrustworthy nature of the Boer; he knows that the franchise proposal without the strongest guarantees to ensure genuine representation to the Uitlander can be of no avail and will only serve as a cloak for future Boer corruption and oppression; but does England know this, is Mr. Chamberlain so backed up in the Cabinet that he has the courage to support Sir Alfred Milner?

This is what the loyal Afrikaner asks. He fears that Mr. Chamberlain will not insist on that thorough settlement which can alone effectually restrict Pretoria's power, so that, for instance, the government cannot manœuvre the electoral divisions of Johannesburg in such a way that at least two Boer candidates will be returned by means of the police force and government and railway officials' votes. He fears that the Uitlander will have no voice in the secret and powerful council of the Executive; that the industries will not be protected and that therefore the industries will be hampered in every possible way; that a dead set will be made on capitalists, without whose capital the mines cannot be worked, for it takes between a quarter and half a million to open up and develop a new mine.

He fears that the suzerainty will not be maintained and that the oath will be one a self-respecting and conscientious Englishman could not honourably take, that even so he will not gain full burgher rights. He fears that Johannesburg will be harried, and the inhabitants treated with indignity, that the best men will go, that the population will diminish instead of increasing as it should by hundreds of thousands and that England will have renounced her right to interfere for the protection of her own people. The minds of loyal men are very bitter, and they say very hard things of the British Government. Why all this delay, why this temporising and fitful negotiation? they ask. A great Power like England should insist on prompt attention to and a prompt compliance with her just and rightful demands.

Is an ignorant and semi-barbarous little State, a government without principles or honour, ruling with the weapons of illegality and corruption, to make a mockery of England, and after playing with her for months and months at last to pretend compliance by granting a specious franchise which the High Commissioner, Mr. Chamberlain, and every Uitlander knows to be a sham? The loyal African fears that England is about to desert him in Africa as she has deserted him before. He fears that Mr. Chamberlain will be content with a sham franchise and seek to justify himself behind it to England and that England will be deceived and satisfied. Not so South Africa. The loyal will be alienated and turn away bitter and disgusted. Twenty years back the Boer looked up to the Englishman and respected him; now we have taught him his strength. As a man intimate through a lifetime with the Boers remarked "if you teach a horse to realise his strength he will kick all your carts to pieces and this is what your Boer is doing." Why have the English nurtured these people if their aim it be to work our harm and why should England have come forward to set matters right, with noise and show stirring up the whole country, making a world-wide question of our difficulties, if we are to be left worse off than before, in sorrier plight than ever? Meanwhile the disaffected Dutch will point to the weakness of Britain and despise her as they have already learnt to do. Her prestige gone they will regard her no longer; equity, modern progress and the gentle ways of culture will vanish from the land; our people will leave or turn Boers in self-defence and our great and most necessary colony will be lost to us.

Yours, &c.

BRITANNICA.

THE DEGENERACY OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 11 September, 1899.

SIR,—The presence of Englishmen at the bull-fights organised at Boulogne has called forth indignant protests. The character of those participating in the spectacle is condemned in strong language, and lamentations on the degeneracy of the English nation have been poured forth.

I venture to think that those taking this view of the subject are mistaken. Far from being an indication of the degeneracy of the English character, the love of the bull-fight is but a new phase of that character. I would like, in the first instance, to point out that being present at such a spectacle is not the only way of satisfying one's savage propensities. The class of people who

frequent a bull-fight are generally unimaginative, and they have as a result of their visit a realistic picture of the fight. But precisely the same effect is produced on the mind of an educated and imaginative person when he reads a life-like account of the affair; so that to be consistent, if unimaginative people are to be stopped from attending bull-fights, imaginative people should be stopped from reading accounts of them or from seeing pictures of them. A young friend of mine with artistic leanings saw a cinematographic representation of the Spanish bull-fight, and was so wrought with excitement that he was with difficulty kept to his seat. Surely the English fault of inconsistency is evident in crying down the spectacle itself, while the demoralising and brutal effects are permitted to be produced by penny-in-the-slot machines.

Nor does the bull-fight stand condemned as effecting a retrogression of the English character. Any visitor to Madame Tussaud's wax-works must have noticed that the place of most interest is the Chamber of Horrors; and the same statement may be made about the dungeons and torture-rooms of old castles and palaces. The daily papers are crammed with disgusting and demoralising details of murders prize-fights and divorces. It is mere prejudice to rise up in arms against the Boulogne bull-fights, when such unhealthy and morbid tastes are catered for in London. Have Englishmen forgotten the atrocities perpetrated by Cromwell's Ironsides; the gross licentiousness of the Court of Charles II.; the cold-blooded massacre in the pass of Glencoe; or their alliance with "the tomahawk and scalping-knife" in the war against the American colonists? And remembering these facts can they assert that a love of the bull-fight is quite a new trait of the national character?

I believe that a love of thrilling amusements is a necessary consequence of our life in this age of iron—an age when machinery is used everywhere. The law of polarity also obtains in pleasures. The prehistoric man who disputed the ground with the beasts of the earth would not derive much excitement from a bull-fight, because his daily round of life would furnish him with experiences equally exciting. When Rome had conquered the world and her soldiers could not satisfy their savage cravings with the carnage of battles, an outlet was provided in the amphitheatres; and now that machinery and civilisation have taken away most of the adventurous elements in our lives, it is not strange that we seek to supply these elements in our amusements. The effect of civilisation in our big cities is to make some men very rich and others very poor; and so it is a necessary effect of civilisation that the paintings of a Burne-Jones and an unusual interest in the bull-fight are products of the same age.

It is possible that future generations will not regard the bull-fight as harshly as we do. As Herbert Spencer says in his essay on "Use and Beauty": "the imprisonments, and tortures, and escapes, which were stern and quite prosaic realities to all concerned in them; have become to us material for romantic tales—material which, when woven into *Ivanhoes* and *Marmions*, serves for amusement in leisure hours. . . ." It is not extravagant to suppose that future generations will view the Spanish bull-fight in the same light.

FRANK DE MONTE.

[The logic of our correspondent is a little defective. The people who read about a battle would not all like to be present at it. The difference between a bull-fight and what Englishmen call sport is that the sportsman is a hot-blooded actor. What revolts most people about a bull-fight is the passive observation of mere bloodshed, a taste which might be gratified as fully by a weekly visit to an ordinary slaughter-house. Moreover there is evidence that the bull-fights at Boulogne are conducted with clumsy cruelty.—ED. S. R.]

BOYCOTTING—NO!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Arundel Street, W.C., 14 September, 1899.

SIR,—Now that the first burst of natural indignation at the recent miscarriage of justice at Rennes has

spent itself, surely the time has come when it should be succeeded by feelings of sympathy rather than of revengeful desire for punishment.

A poison-weed has suddenly sprung up in our midst nurtured, sad to say, by more than one of our popular journals. I refer of course to the cry for boycotting the Paris Exhibition, than which it is difficult to imagine anything more petty and un-English. We Englishmen, so proud of our birthright of freedom and justice, should be the first to step forward and show France the way to free herself from the curse of militarism under which she labours. We should think with sympathy upon the sorrows and tribulations through which she has passed during the last century and a half, and with admiration upon the unparalleled manner in which she has almost emerged from them, then, stretching forth the right hand of friendship we should help her to take firm footing upon the solid rock rather than push her backward into the torrent.

If for no other reason than for the sake of those two righteous who dared all for justice last Saturday let us trample this weed before it grow too strong for us and let us remember that in attempting to bring ruin upon the Paris Exhibition we shall ourselves be guilty of punishing the innocent as well as, if not for, the guilty.

Hoping to enlist your sympathy on this subject

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

PERCY J. BAILEY.

TEST MATCHES AND DRAWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kensington, W., 12 September, 1899.

SIR,—Quite rightly, in your review of the past cricket season, you characterise the number of drawn games during 1899 as both the chief feature of the county season and ridiculous. Apparently the better informed the commentator the greater the difficulties in the way of a solution of the problem which present themselves, and you warn would-be reformers that, however important it may be to discover some way of avoiding draws, it is equally important not to spoil the game in applying a remedy. So far as county matches are concerned possibly matters must, for the present at any rate, be left as they are and the duration and conditions of a game be determined in large measure by the weather.

But what does seem to me to be the very acme of the absurd is that draws should be allowed in such events as test matches between England and Australia. Where is the test if one side is able to cling to the wicket sufficiently long to render it necessary to make the game a draw because there is no time to play it out? You might as well say it would be justice to give a verdict at the end of a prosecuting counsel's speech which had lasted a certain time. The other side would have no opportunity of meeting the attack because the attack had been so sustained. In exactly the same way cricket seems to me to be a mere farce when time can be called as though it were a question of closing a public-house in accordance with the law of the land. In such a case as the last test match the very merits of the English side prevented the game being played to a finish and a victory, as we are entitled to believe it would be, for the mother country. How can one maintain enthusiasm in contests which obviously are so indecisive?

In all seriousness, whatever may be done as regards county cricket and whatever the inconvenience it might occasion, I think the time has come when it should be definitely agreed that test matches must be played out. Otherwise public interest in the national game will begin to flag. The subject is one which might well be ventilated between now and next spring. In peace we prepare for war; in the football season let us prepare for cricket on common-sense lines. It is true I am only one of the public which contributes to the gate money, but in asking for my money's worth I am asking also for cricket which means a real trial of skill and strength.

I am, yours very truly,

OBSERVER.

REVIEWS.

THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"The Religion of Shakespeare." Chiefly from the writings of the late Mr. Richard Simpson. By Henry Sebastian Bowden. London: Burns and Oates. 1899. 7s. 6d.

THIS book, which is partly a compilation from the uncollected writings of the late Richard Simpson and partly from the pen of Father Bowden, is an attempt to show that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. It contains much interesting information, it is well written and we have read it with great pleasure. With much which we find in it we entirely concur and are in full sympathy. We take Shakespeare quite as seriously as Father Bowden does. We believe that the greatest of dramatic poets is also one of the greatest of moral teachers, that his theology and ethics deserve the most careful study and that they have too frequently been either neglected or misinterpreted. We agree with him that nothing could be sounder and more persistently emphasised than the ethical element in this poet's dramas and that so far from Shakespeare being a pure agnostic and having no religion at all, as Birch and others have contended, he is in essence as religious as Sophocles. And now Father Bowden must forgive us if we are unable to go further with him. We have no prejudice against Roman Catholicism or against any of the creeds in which religious faith and reverence have found formal embodiment. *Tros Rutulusve fuit nullo discrimine habetur*. Our sole wish is, if possible, to get at the truth. It is of comparatively little consequence now to what form of religion Shakespeare belonged, but it would be at least interesting if it could be shown that any particular sect could legitimately claim him.

Speaking generally the England of his time appears to have been divided in different proportions between those who adhered with tenacious zeal to the old creed, a section which Cardinal Bentivoglio reckons at one-thirtieth part of the nation, those who had embraced Protestantism because it had become the established religion but whose sympathies were with the old Church, and these Bentivoglio reckons at four-fifths of the total population. Next came the thorough-going Protestants with infinite subdivisions ranging from Episcopalians like Parker and Presbyterians like Cartwright to extreme Puritans like the Brownists. Lastly came a body, probably a very small body of Free-thinkers like Marlowe and Raleigh. To which of these bodies did Shakespeare belong? Was he in his heart of hearts a Roman Catholic? It is of course impossible to say. The question can only be argued on such evidence as we have and such evidence as we have is conclusive against any such hypothesis. No tradition associates him with the Roman Catholics. We are really amazed to find Father Bowden pressing into the service of his thesis Jordan's palpable and long-exploded forgery of John Shakespeare's will, and the fact that John Shakespeare's name is found on a list of recusants, when it is in that very list expressly stated, that he had absented himself from Church simply from fear of process for debt. No passage can be cited from Shakespeare's writings which expresses sympathy with the Catholics. On the contrary his dramas abound in points directed against them. Thus he twice goes out of his way once in "Henry V." and once in "All's Well that Ends Well" to observe that "miracles have ceased;" there is a bitter sneer against them in the reference to the pirate in "Measure for Measure." The whole political philosophy of the historical plays is totally opposed to the dearest interests of the polity of Rome: they are purely Protestant. If Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic when he wrote "King John" and "Henry VIII." he was a Catholic of whom his co-religionists have very little reason to be proud, for moral cowardice and treachery to a creed could hardly go further. It is pitiable to see the shifts to which the authors of this book are reduced to make out their theory. Shakespeare's hostility to the Protestants induced him, we are told, to pour contempt on Oldcastle by depicting him as Falstaffe. His frequent sneers at the Puritans had their origin in the

same motive. The famous passage in "Hamlet" is cited to prove his belief in purgatory, the comical penances imposed in "Love's Labours Lost" to prove his belief in penance: sentiments which are common to all sects of Christians are regarded as peculiar to Roman Catholicism: mere dramatic utterances are forced into illustrations of supposed personal convictions. What is habitually and systematically ignored is that Shakespeare being a dramatic poet must necessarily make his characters express themselves dramatically, and that as he was writing of times preceding the Reformation his sentiments and expressions very naturally took the colour of the world of which he was writing. The wonder is not that this should have occurred but that Shakespeare should in spite of the gross anachronism of such a process have so *Protestantized* pre-Reformation periods and peoples.

The authors of this book would have done well to remember that in Shakespeare's time, as in the time of the ancients, religion had two aspects, its private and its public. In its public aspect it was a part of the machinery of the State, an essential portion of the political fabric. Till the Reformation there had been practically no schism and no difficulty: the State religion was the religion of the Church of Rome. After the Reformation a most perplexing problem presented itself. Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in a long and terrible controversy struggled for the mastery. At the accession of Elizabeth the victory had been won, so far as England was concerned, by Protestantism and Protestantism was the accepted religion of the nation. As such it was the duty of every loyal citizen to uphold it; it became with the throne one of the two pillars on which the fabric of the State rested. Roman Catholicism became identified with the political and mercantile rivals and enemies of England: Protestantism became identified with her lovers and upholders. Thus the Church and the throne became indissoluble, at once the symbols, centres, and securities of political harmony and union. This accounts for the attitude of Hooker, Spenser, Shakespeare and Bacon towards Episcopalian Protestantism on the one hand, and Roman Catholicism and Puritanism on the other. It is therefore as absurd to contend that Shakespeare was a Catholic as it is absurd to contend that he was a Puritan. Of his political opinions there can be no doubt at all, for they are written large in almost every one of his plays, and to suppose that he had, or could have, any sympathy either with the Roman Catholics or with the Puritans is to stultify those opinions.

Nor have we any right to assume that he accepted the teaching of the Church of Rome in spiritual matters. Nothing could be more unwarranted than what is assumed by Father Bowden in the following passage. "Ripeness is all"; and he shows us in all his penitents how that ripeness is secured, sin forgiven and heaven won on the lines of Catholic dogma and by the Sacraments of the Church." What are the facts? Shakespeare's reticence about a future state and what may await man in the form of reward and punishment hereafter is one of his most striking characteristics. Neither Cordelia nor Desdemona, neither Constance nor Imogen in their darkest hours expresses any confidence in the final mercy and justice of Heaven. Othello, falling by a fate as terrible as it was undeserved, dies without a syllable of hope. "The rest is silence" are the ominous words with which Hamlet takes leave of life. When Gloucester believes himself to be standing on the brink of death, in the farewell which he takes of the world he has no anticipation of any other; all he contemplates is "to shake patiently his great affliction off." So die Lear, Hotspur, Romeo, Antony, Eros, Enobarbus, Macbeth, Mercutio, Laertes. So die Brutus, Coriolanus, King John. In the Duke's speech in "Measure for Measure," where he is preparing Claudio to meet death, death is merely contemplated as an escape from the pains and discomforts of life. Even Isabella, dedicated as she was to religion, in fortifying Claudio against his fate draws no weapon from the armoury of faith. It is just the same in the dirge in Cymbeline, in the soliloquy of Posthumus in the consolations addressed by the gaoler to Posthumus. Shakespeare never attempts indeed to lift that veil which for living man can be

raised only by Revelation. It is indeed remarkable that he represents such speculations—the dwelling on such problems as more likely to disturb, perplex and hamper us than to give us any comfort.

The silence of Shakespeare's philosophy in relation to what succeeds death is unbroken. Did he believe in the immortality of the soul and in a future state? Who can say? What we can say is that if we require affirmative evidence of such a faith we shall seek for it in vain. In the Sonnets where he seems to speak from himself the only immortality to which he refers is the permanence of the impression which his genius as a poet will leave—immortality in the sense in which Cicero and Tacitus understood the term. But on the other hand, if there is nothing to warrant a conclusion in the affirmative, there is nothing to warrant one in the negative.

Of the respect which Shakespeare entertained for Christianity as a religion, of his conviction of its ability to fulfil and satisfy all the ends of religion in men of the highest type of intelligence and sensibility, we require no further proof than his "ideal man" Henry V. Wherever he refers to Christ and the teachings of Christ it is always with peculiar tenderness and solemnity, while the ethics of his later dramas particularly "Cymbeline" and the "Tempest" are penetrated with Christian influence.

"He hath," says Sir Thomas Browne speaking of himself, "one common and authentic philosophy which he learnt in the schools, whereby he reasons and satisfies the reason of other men; another more reserved and drawn from experience whereby he satisfies his own." It may be, it may quite well be, for he has left nothing to justify conclusion to the contrary, that the words of Shakespeare's Will are the expression of what he "reserved" to satisfy himself, and that he accepted the Christian Revelation. It may be, that what we are certainly warranted in concluding about him, represents all that can be concluded, viz., that

"He at least believed in soul, was very sure of God."

MELLOW GOSSIP.

"Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick House, Oxon: A.D. 1756 to 1808." Edited by Emily S. Chinenon. With a Portrait. London: Longmans. 1899. 16s.

IF time does not mellow poetry like wine—as some think it does, though Horace cavilled at their judgment—certainly the lapse of a century adds a charming flavour to gossip. The journals which Miss Caroline Grote began to keep at the bidding of her father in 1756 and which as Mrs. Powys she continued to write intermittently for nearly half a century would have been of little public interest in their own day but now they have the fascination which belongs to any ingenuous record of an unfamiliar life. It would not be easy to name a book which gives so good an idea of the way in which our great-great-grandmothers amused themselves. They did not go abroad, but they travelled a good deal for in those days it was further from Hardwick in the Thames Valley to Shropshire where a branch of the Powys family lived than it would be now to Vienna and the journey was much more adventurous. On the way, the travellers visited what they thought worth seeing—churches occasionally, but by far more often the seats of the nobility and gentry. At least half of Mrs. Powys' pages are devoted to describing this or that notable country place, and the name which recurs oftenest is that of "Capability" Brown the famous landscape gardener. By the way she gives in its correct form a saying of his which is constantly inverted so as to make nonsense. It was at Caversham Lodge the scene of his "first performance" that he held up his hands in horror at the "vast number of trees of an amazing growth all through the whole spot" and declared that you could not "see the trees for the wood." Those who know and love their river will find Mrs. Powys exceptionally good company for her life centred about Henley Reading and that neigh-

bourhood, and with her tastes and energy she left no manor or old house unexplored and none undescribed that she explored. She has an account too of a gala-week at Henley in 1777, but very unlike the festivities which we associate with it for this week was in January and the gala was a great theatrical entertainment given by Lord Villiers at Bolney Court, where a barn and coach house were knocked together and hung with green baize after the fashion which we read of in "Mansfield Park." Dean Powys, the diarist's brother-in-law, had much to do with it, for he cultivated the art of verse and had been engaged to write two prologues one for the play and another for Rousseau's "Pygmalion" in which piece Tessier had been engaged to perform. There was a famous company assembled, which included the Duke of Argyll, General Conway better known to us perhaps in Horace Walpole than in history, and Lord Barrymore that wonderful spendthrift of whom Miss Chinenon has compiled in her appendix a most amusing account.

Mrs. Powys was never a "fine town madam" but she had her dissipations like anyone else. In 1761 she was one of a party to view the coronation after George III.'s marriage: they paid 120 guineas for a room in Broad Sanctuary, had to take their places overnight spending the hours till daylight at cards (of which it should be said Mrs. Powys strenuously disapproved) and did not get home till ten o'clock that evening, exhausted but happy; and a very cheerful account Miss Caroline (she was still Miss) wrote of it all. She visited Oxford also as a young girl; saw no eights, drank no cider cup, met no undergraduates and in short had quite a different sort of time from what she would have nowadays. What she did see was the regulation round of sights—but surely they do not show Oliver Cromwell's skull in the Museum nowadays. The Arundel marbles had not the fortune to please her. "I must own to have a taste so refin'd as to have no pleasure in the sight of so many dirty frightful maimed figures some having unfortunately lost heads, others legs arms hands or eyes. Being at a little distance from a Grecian Venus, the beauty of her face greatly struck me but how was I forc'd to call my own judgment into question when on a nearer view I found it a new head stuck by a late statuary on the dirty shoulders of a lady who seem'd to have no other merit but her having been form'd so many years before. Strange repositories these and the only places I fancy where beautiful features are pass'd by unregarded and the men stand in admiration at the majestic air of ladies far past their grand climactericks." With that quotation we commend the lively lady who wrote it to the better acquaintance of those who are wise enough to read her.

POPULARISED STATE TRIALS.

"State Trials Political and Social." Selected and Edited by H. L. Stephen. 2 vols. London: Duckworth. 1899. 5s. net.

TO those who know the thirty-three volumes of Howell's State Trials extending from the year 1163 to 1820, and the other eight in continuation of that series issued by the State Trials Commission down to the year 1858, it is unnecessary to say that these two volumes are not an abridgment of the whole. Mr. Stephen has selected ten trials from Howell's huge mass, and so arranged and edited them that they may be read by people to whom the original work is not accessible. The State Trials abound in interest, but they also abound in difficulties which make them for the most part unintelligible unless the intending reader has a more than ordinary amount of legal knowledge. He must bring to his reading much legal lore which has ceased for generations to be part of the living body of English law. Our writers of constitutional and general history have been indebted to the collection of Howell, father and son, for much of their most valuable material. Without going outside the present small collection, what picturesque effects have been obtained from the trials of Raleigh, of Charles I. and of the Regicides. We know more intimately the personal character of Coke from his

abominable display of himself at Raleigh's trial. The trial of Lady Alice Lisle enables us more fully to realise the mad ferocity of Jeffreys; and the best illustration of what our historians owe to the State Trials is to read Macaulay's vivid account of the Bloody Assize. The indebtedness of writers on criminal law and history, and especially on the growth of our legal procedure and the law of evidence, is even greater and more direct. It is especially appropriate to refer to Sir James FitzJames Stephen's "History of the Criminal Law" as the volumes now being considered are the work of one of his sons. Moreover by a curious coincidence Mr. Leslie Stephen, the brother of Sir James, has chosen the very same trials contained in these volumes for notice in his "Hours in a Library;" the present editor informing us in his preface that his own choice was made before he had read his uncle's essay.

He has missed an excellent opportunity of presenting us with a study of the particular qualities in the trials which made them so suitable for selection in each case. For the King's trial and the Regicides' the reason is plain. Raleigh is a hero of romance. Russell was a Whig "martyr." The Earl of Warwick's and Lord Mohun's trials had their origin in the duel which is immortalised in "Esmond" as that in which the Earl of Castlewood met his death. The trial of the Suffolk witches records a condition of thought which has equally served the purpose of pure literature, of the theologian, the historian, and the philosopher. There is no difficulty in seeing either why perhaps the most interesting of all the trials, that of Spencer Cowper for murder, is included. It recalls an important phase of the historical struggle of Whig and Tory: when, according to Macaulay, "the whole Kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers;" Stout being the name of the young Quaker lady whom Cowper the brother of the Whig Lord Chancellor Cowper was alleged to have murdered. It is harder to account for the common inclusion of the trial of Colonel Turner and that of Samuel Goodere; and it is still less apparent why the editor and the essayist should each have passed over all the others of which the State Trials contain such an ample store. An explanation such as we have mentioned might well have taken the place of some of the introductory matter.

When Mr. Stephen does offer explanations for his selections or omissions they are somewhat unconvincing. A most extraordinary reason is given for the omission of the trials arising out of the rebellion of '45. Mr. Stephen says "The 'Forty-five should have been represented, and Lord Lovat's adventures ought to have served my purpose to a turn. But alas! the lawyers on these occasions have been hopelessly beaten by the professed story-tellers: and the reports of the trials of Lord Lovat and James Stewart are as dull as the romances of Waverley and Catriona are entrancing. Why this should be so I do not know. I can ascribe it only to the inferiority of the Scots criminal procedure to our own." This is curious. Mr. Stephen does not after all seem to know his State Trials very well though he "long ago discovered the charm of their anthology." If he turns to the eighteenth volume of Howell he will find that the trials of Lord Lovat and the other Scotch lords were all taken before the House of Peers, and therefore there is no question at all of Scotch procedure. Lord Hardwicke the Lord Chancellor was Lord High Steward, and we may remind Mr. Stephen that though William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was indeed a Scotsman and a relative of Lord Lovat yet it was as the English Solicitor-General that he took part in the proceedings.

It is not Mr. Stephen's fault that his title is not strictly accurate. In Howell are to be found many trials which are not State trials according to a proper definition. Very early in the history of Howell's series it was determined to make it a record of the "higher crime" "together with the dying behaviour and speeches of such unfortunate persons as suffered death upon their convictions." It is a matter of taste perhaps whether one likes better the "squalor of private crime" or considers it "inferior to politics as a staple" to use Mr. Stephen's words. He himself prefers the latter; but probably most readers will consider the private crime more interesting than the public; one reason

being that the account of it is more intelligible. The difficulties of abbreviating the political trials are greater; and Mr. Stephen has not always succeeded in getting his mosaic of connecting narrative and verbatim quotation to hang together without giving rise to a feeling of breach of continuity. The trials of Raleigh, the King, and the Regicides and Lady Lisle are interesting on account of the personal passages of arms between the prisoners the judges and the counsel, not on account of their politics. Lord Russell's trial is absolutely dull. On the other hand the trials of the Suffolk witches, the Earl of Warwick, Spencer Cowper and Samuel Goodere abound with interest on every page. They are capital examples of criminal trials where, paraphrasing Burke, we have human nature exhibited in positions at once the most striking and affecting; tragedies of real life; real culprits with original characters, curious specimens of humanity worth study for themselves, and on account of the social environment in which they display their peculiar characteristics.

There is no reason why Mr. Stephen should bring his collection to a close with the trials in these two volumes. He has an almost illimitable field, and there should be an almost illimitable public for this kind of reading. It is a legitimate form of "snippet" literature; but if the series is continued, whatever may be done as to the political trials which have taken place since 1820, Mr. Stephen will be well advised if, for the earlier periods, he cuts down the politics as much as possible. Let him not be afraid of editing merely criminal trials. There is no reason why we should not have a superior kind of "Newgate Calendar," if he edits it on the principles which have guided him in these volumes. He need not however particularly insist on his biographical notes. As he says, most of the information supplied can be got from the "Dictionary of National Biography." These books are not for the lawyer; and Mr. Stephen we think mistakes his *métier* as editor when he ascribes such importance—he actually thinks it "the main point of interest in any trial"—to bringing to the fore the names of the counsel briefed, how they came to be briefed, who were the judges that tried it, how they came to be judges, and what position they held in the opinion of the bar at the time.

It would be hard to suggest that so striking a note should be omitted as that in which the Lord Chief Justice Popham, who was on the Commission that tried Raleigh, is said to have started in life "as a law student and highwayman and to have amassed money as a highwayman." It is piquant but very doubtful; and Mr. Stephen has a little "developed" what is to be found in his authority the Dictionary. Such notes on the other hand as that on Sir Matthew Hale and his conduct of the trial of the witches are very useful. More particularly at the present time, when the miscarriage of justice at Rennes is occupying all minds, we read such a note with painful interest. Mr. Stephen quotes Lord Campbell's criticism on this trial. "Had the miserable wretches indicted pleaded guilty, or specifically confessed, or if there had been witnesses who had given evidence, however improbable it might be, to substantiate the offence, I should hardly have regarded the Judge with less reverence because he pronounced sentence of death upon the unhappy victims of superstition, and sent them to the stake or the gibbet. But they resolutely persisted in asserting their innocence; and not only was there no evidence against them which ought to have weighed in the mind of any reasonable man who believed in witchcraft, but during the trial the imposture practised by the prosecutors was detected and exposed. He (Hale) was afraid of an acquittal, or of a pardon, lest countenance should be given to a disbelief in witchcraft which he considered tantamount to a disbelief in Christianity." In other places the text of the trials furnishes striking proof of the fact that in many of its features French judicial procedure reproduces in the nineteenth century much of what we look back upon now with abhorrence and indignation in our own country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

FROM BAD TO VERSE.

"Jephthah and other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic."
By Aleister Crowley. London: Kegan Paul. 1899.
7s. 6d.

"Poems." By Clifford King. London: Digby, Long.
1899. 5s. net.

"Nero, or the Trials, Battles and Adventures of the
Sixth Emperor of Rome in Darkest Hades: an
Allegory, a Satire and a Moral." By Horatio Hunt.
London: Downey. 1899. 3s. 6d.

THE decay of the spirit of poetry in England is one of the most depressing of all the sad signs of the times. No doubt great bards are like the best comets and only flash across our horizon at long, irregular intervals, but the murkiness of the present outlook bears all the stigmata of permanence and we find an added hopelessness in the complacency with which our literary public accepts its fate. In France there is no great poet nor any promise of his advent, but the very vulgar are for ever scanning the skies. The present writer remembers being asked his profession by a French official for some legal formality. Having no very distinct inspiration for an answer, he hesitated, whereupon a string of likely professions were instantly prompted: "Are you an engineer or a lawyer or a contractor or a poet?" To the inquirer there was no sense of incongruity or sly chaff in the final suggestion. Poetry as a profession had been as readily received as electricity or medicine or the perfecting of automobiles. Here on the other hand it would have provoked the utmost derision and found ruthless translation into that final formula, "of no occupation." It is only when we wish to be specially sarcastic that we allude to "the poet Newbolt" or "the poet Austin" or "the poet Davidson." Yet their profession, poorly exercised though it may be, has surely an equal claim to recognition with that of the painter or the mummer.

A few versifiers have developed a certain distinction of form, usually by a slavish imitation of successful writers, but they lack all vestige of a divine afflatus and often approach perilously near to unconscious parody. The rest are mere producers of grotesque doggerel, which ought never to have been permitted to see the light of print.

The only mystery about Mr. Crowley's effusions is that his friends should not have kindly but firmly restrained him from such an egregious exhibition. That he has friends is to be presumed from the astounding virulence of two sonnets, which he has dedicated "to the author of the phrase: 'I am not a gentleman and I have no friends.'" They are dated "at the hour of the eclipse, Wednesday, Dec. 28," which suggests that the usual lunar influence was not abated by the sun's interposition. Here are some choice fragments:

"Self-damned, the leprous moisture of thy veins
Sickens the sunshine . . .
 . . . go, go thy ways
To other hells, thou damned of God hereafter
'Mid men's contempt and hate and pitiless
 laughter
 . . . The scroll
Opens and 'coward, liar, monster' shake
Those other names of 'goat' and 'swine' and
 'snake'
Wherewith Hell's worms caress thee and control.
Nay, but alone, intolerably alone,
Alone, as here, thy carrion soul shall swelter,
Yearning in vain for sleep, or death, or shelter;
No release possible, no respite known,
Self-damned, without a friend, thy eternal place
Sweats through the painting of thy harlot's
 face."

"The dedication," we read, "is to Algernon Charles Swinburne," but we presume without permission unless he has been beguiled by Mr. Crowley's fulsome apostrophe:

"Then rose the splendid song of thee, 'Thou
 liest!'
Out of the darkness in the death of hope,
Thy white star flamed in Europe's horoscope."

The obscene God spat on the universe:

The sods of Destiny were spattered on her:—
Then rose thy spirit through the shaken skies:
'Child of the Dawn, I say to thee, arise!'
Through the ancestral shame and feudal gloom,
Through mediæval blackness rung thy psalm:
Let there be light!—the desecrated tomb
Gaped as thy fury smote the Galilean."

The secret of this frenzied enthusiasm is to be found in some press notices, which suggest, at the end of the volume, that Mr. Crowley's verses have "the very sound of Mr. Swinburne." They are indeed full of sound and of very little else. Neither the individual sentences nor the whole poems possess any intelligible meaning and their author's sense of proportion may be gauged by a reference to modern Italy as "The eagle of all time . . . eagle and phoenix." The only instructive fact to be noted is that attacks on God and Kings rarely fail to go together,—at least among poets who pose as advanced teachers. Carducci had already exemplified this before he followed up his ode to the Devil by another to the Queen of Savoy.

Mr. Clifford King contributes even more effectively to our merriment, for the ingenuousness of his ideas is only surpassed by the exuberance of his muse. Let us quote from "a valedictory satire," which covers eleven pages:

"Eyes be moistless—
By sorrow suck'd,—
'Scutcheons hoistless,
Life's thistles pluck'd;

Excrescences
(As thine own thought!)
Mathematise
What can be bought
(Not by the wise!)
By a fond fool
(That is myself
On penance' stool!)
From e'en thyself.

He lothful sped
O'er the *mare*
Internum's bed—
Otherwise ἡ
ἡμετέρα
θάλασσα styled
(Greek's my terror!)
In land less wild."

And, best of all:

"Breathed by those tools
Conceived in hell,
Aello and
Ocypte,
Celæno band
(Harpyiæ).

Though thou use dyes
From Tyrus' fish,
'Twould ne'er suffice
To embellish
Thee so like e'en
Terra's Typhon
(To quench thy spleen
Use the syphon!)"

There is also a fine fragrance of nonsense about a poem, called "Lingering Thoughts," which seems to suggest an hiccup of many meaningless drawing-room songs:

"When stranger eyes shall meet thine own
And other lips prove bitter sweets:
When love its attributes disown,
And wanton voice thy soul's speech greets,
Have thou a lingering thought of me."

But "soul's speech greets" is sadly lacking in the melody, which is usually required from effusions without connected meaning.

Mr. Hunt is to be congratulated on a large fund of unconscious humour. His evident aspiration is to figure in history as the English Dante. His "allegory, satire and moral" fill nine "books," which comprise no

less than thirteen thousand lines of the most ludicrous nonsense ever conceived outside a lunatic asylum. If only he could be pruned and edited and deprived of split infinitives and persuaded not to take himself seriously, he might come to rival some of Lewis Carroll's masterpieces. We think we prefer his eighth book, which describes "a grand Boxing Match between Castor and Pollux, and forty Souls of Bigotry. The Souls getting worsted," (we quote from the "Argument"), "play foul, by kicking Castor, and, as a reward for their punishment, are severely scourged by the sons of Nemesis." Presently

"The executioner of Pluto's will"

announces:

"The great Rhinoceros of Ignorance
Will now be waged against the Serpent of
Intrinsic Wisdom"

Then "the Rhinoceros of Ignorance,
By several hundred fiends, within a cage,
Was wheeled into the centre of the ring,"

which is quite like the combats of beasts in modern Spain.

"When the Rhinoceros of Ignorance
Beheld the Serpent, he appeared to show
Some signs of terror; for he slunk away,
And buried in the sand his horned nose,
As if he smelt that danger was at hand."

But this did not deter the Serpent, which coiled itself round its adversary

"Till one could hear the very bones and hide,
Of the Rhinoceros of Ignorance,
Cracking beneath the terrible embrace
Of Wisdom's Serpent."

It is only towards the end of his ninth book that we come across a real appreciation of Mr. Hunt's position. "We now prepared," he tells us, as if eight books had not gone before,

"The town of Nonsense to besiege" (sic); it lay
Not many leagues from the ungodly place
Which we had just despoiled. We did not find
The road to Nonsense very difficult;
Indeed, the way was rather straight and clear,
And smooth as alabaster."

So we should imagine.

SELIGMAN ON TAXATION.

"The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation." By Edwin R. A. Seligman, Professor of Political Economy in Colombia University. Revised and enlarged edition. London: Macmillan. 1899. 12s. 6d.

AS the investigation of conflicting tendencies becomes more and more intricate, political economy assumes a less dogmatic tone; its modern teacher is on firmer ground when he is hurling polished missiles at rival authorities than when he is constructing nicely balanced theories of his own. The transformation should cause no sorrow, for the older systems, with their perpetual injunctions to bow down before immutable rules of cast-iron rigidity, were too burdensome for human endurance; but the statecraft which seeks guidance from the professors of to-day must move with fear and trembling at every step. This edition of Professor Seligman's book on taxation, which has been so thoroughly revised that it is practically a new work, plunges us into a sea of theoretic difficulties, and, though planks of refuge are freely offered, the reader rarely feels confident of their solidity, much less of their permanence. The problem of incidence, though obviously among the most important, is necessarily the most complicated in fiscal economics. In many aspects it has always been keenly controverted, and more than half of the present volume is wisely devoted to the history of previous theories. Broadly speaking, however, the older economists left us in possession of rules which he who ran might read, but Professor Seligman and other modern writers dislocate almost all our preconceived ideas. The legislator is bidden to choose taxes of which the results can be foretold with some accuracy, and to supplement them, if need be, by such as will be shifted

in their entirety, and he is warned that if he goes outside these two categories his intentions may be wholly frustrated; but when he tries to ascertain what taxes they include he has to apply a most bewildering series of principles. After he has decided whether the commodity is durable or perishable, whether it is subject to the law of monopoly or to that of competition, whether the tax is general or exclusive, whether there is complete mobility for capital, whether the demand is elastic, to what extent differential advantages of production affect the supply, and what is the ratio of product to cost, he can arrive at a provisional judgment, but its correctness will in turn depend upon the mode in which the tax is assessed. He must next consider whether the tax is to be imposed on margin or on surplus, whether it shall be large or small, and whether it shall be proportional or progressive; and when these questions, which all have a more or less definite influence on the incidence, have been disposed of he has yet to inquire whether the object is a final good, since if the commodity is used in further production the whole case is reopened and other conditions may cause a tax to be shifted to the second, the third, or the ultimate consumer.

In the application of his criteria, Professor Seligman shows us how far economics have drifted from their old moorings. Some of his views are not generally accepted by English thinkers, but their adoption by one whose name stands deservedly high on both sides of the Atlantic bears witness to the transition stage through which financial science is passing. Take, for instance, the incidence of import duties. The old doctrine, as every tiro knows, was that a tariff is a tax falling on the consumer as an addition to the cost of production; but we are here informed—shades of the Cobdenites!—that, if the importing country constitutes either the sole market or such an important part of it that the producer cannot easily extend his sales to other countries, the latter may have to bear part of the tax himself, and that there are all kinds of gradations between the quite exceptional case, where the producer tends to bear a large share, down to the ordinary case, where the consumer bears the whole. We are also reminded that the controversy between Free-trade and Protection can be settled only by considering the wider and more permanent results of an international industrial policy. Take, again, the shifting of taxes on land. The economists who sat at Ricardo's feet maintained the simple rule that a tax upon land is a tax upon rent; it is here admitted that the burden falls wholly upon the rural landowner in the case of pure competitive rents, but it is contended that—as Mr. Goschen has already shown in his Local Taxation Report—in the case of non-competitive rents it will be divided between the parties. Professor Seligman's treatment of taxes on urban land is less clear and less cogent. His conclusion is that, when a rate is levied according to rental value and assessed in the first instance on the occupier, the main burden will rest on him and not on the owner. He justifies this position partly on the grounds that the building tax will rest almost entirely on the occupier and that it forms in nearly every case the greater part of the duty, both of which we regard as highly questionable propositions; and partly on the ground that the site tax will also generally be borne to a great extent by the occupier, a view which, to our thinking, seriously underrates that elasticity of the demand for house accommodation which Professor Edgeworth has justly emphasised. Finally, he maintains that in all cases more of the tax will tend to be borne by the tenant when it is originally imposed on him than when it is assessed on the owner—a striking illustration of the extended, and probably grossly exaggerated, importance which it has become the fashion to attach to economic friction. In places, his argument is to some extent vitiated by want of familiarity with the practical conditions of the English land system, as when he seems to ignore the constant subdivision of ownership in English towns. His knowledge of English legislation is somewhat antiquated, e.g. he implies that landowners are still exempt from special assessments for local improvements; but his study of English writers, as shown by his searching criticism even of minor authorities like

Mr. Blunden and Mr. Sargent, is remarkably close and thoroughly up to date.

Professor Seligman does not always convince us, but he is always stimulating and suggestive, and we know no work which gives in the same compass so exhaustive an analysis of the general doctrine of incidence. The subject has been sadly neglected by English politicians since the decay of the Manchester School, as several recent debates in the House of Commons have proved; when, for instance, the Agricultural Rates Bill was under discussion in 1896 some slight acquaintance with the economical issues would have spared us both the complacent dogmatism of its opponents and the pitiful floundering of some of its most conspicuous defenders. One of Professor Seligman's most pregnant passages is his parting warning that the theory of incidence has no final advice to offer in the development of a tax system, and that the student of public finance must work out the rules of equitable taxation without any reliance upon the automatic operation of presumed absolute laws. He must "endeavour to make a choice of public revenues which in themselves satisfy the requirement of the principles of economic justice; and in so doing he may be guided by those principles of incidence, but only those, which are definite and well ascertained." In short, the theory of shifting is an aid to, but not a substitute for, the study of economic justice. "The doctrine of incidence is neither the archangel nor the archfiend of the science of finance."

BENSON, BESANT AND OTHERS.

"Mammon and Co." By E. F. Benson. London Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

THE author of "Dodo" has added to our surfeit of "smart" fiction and demonstrated once more how easy it is for a clever man to be too clever by half. There are it is conceivable some readers who may not have seen "The Market Place" or entered the portals of a music hall: to these "Mammon and Co." may appear full of novelty and original wit. Readers of Mr. Harold Frederic's novel however will be forced to the making of invidious comparisons. The Stock Exchange elements in "Mammon and Co." interest one not at all; apart from the sketch of the company-promoter Alington they are indeed tedious. We find such pleasure as we may in Mr. Benson's portraiture of the smart and shady "set": the men who lend their names to prospectuses for value received and of their womenfolk who strive after paradox in their conversation, after their friends' characters in their confidential chats, and after their friends' money at baccarat. Mr. Benson does not crowd his little stage. The impecunious Marquis of Conybeare, his wife Kit who betrays him; Lord Evelyn Massingberd, the marquis' young brother who marries a millionairess and mars the make-up of the mannikin seducer Lord Comber; and Mrs. Murchison the fond American mother with a gift for malapropisms, are the chief characters. Lily Murchison, the good angel who prays by the bedside of the erring woman, is intolerably goody goody. As to the malapropisms, "the tombs of the Marmadukes" and "they gave him quite an ovarium" are favourably representative. The dialogue at its best scarce stirs our risible faculties. Take an example: "I never intend to become anything, not even a good woman," she said with emphasis. "I hope not," remarked Ted. "Oh, how I hate people who are in earnest about things!" said Kit in a sort of frenzy. . . . "For sheer social hopelessness give me a politician or a divine. Ted, promise me you will never become a divine." "Not to-day, at any rate," said Ted." Ted it may be remarked is Lord Comber and he and Kit are staying together for a week at Aldeburgh, she having successfully evaded the careless protection of her noble husband, and Ted the callow chivalry of that husband's brother. Here is another example of the "smart" things in the book, and far from the least clever:—"I loathe a prudish man," said Lady Haslemere, "and I detest a well-informed woman." "There aren't any of either," said Lady Conybeare." And so the thing goes on for nearly 400 pages, with a dash of repetition that is far from being "the soul of wit" Mr. Benson evidently believes

it to be; not a little sententious direction to the reader on the understanding of morality; and still more of platitude, such as "There is certainly something fascinating about what we call luck." Disappointing as a photograph of financial life, wearisome with torturing inversions of the obvious, failing in its merry wife and in its good woman, "Mammon and Co." has yet a distinct claim to a hearing. Its saving grace comes from the story of Kit's downfall—the description of her drift towards the unutterable despair that lies beyond the borders of the Seventh Commandment and is never known by our social butterflies, till their wings are scorched and death is the only oblivion.

"The Orange Girl." By Walter Besant. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899. 6s.

The pen of the ready writer which belongs of right to Sir Walter Besant is calculated to blind the critic to the exceeding dullness of his present production. No living writer can discourse more charmingly on old London than he, but one may have too much of even a good thing. And to write page after page of minute description, however tempting to an author who has the subject at his finger ends, is apt to interrupt the plot of the story for the reader. Yet the story itself denuded of such descriptive passages is poor stuff indeed. It is a second "Chaplain of the Fleet" from which the charm has all departed. The "Orange Girl" who is a later Nell Gwyn may possess all the beauty and fascination which her creator claims for her, but the reader has to take such qualities very much for granted. Her adventures are the making of the book, and it is probably with the idea of enhancing her perfections, that the remaining characters have been fashioned on such negative lines. The hero gives up the counting-house all for the love of a violin. It is the reader who fails to see in what way the counting-house was beneath him. The curious double affection in which he indulges might be possible for a man of his temperament, but assuredly only a saint of so pronounced a type as his wife would have permitted it to continue. And the solitary instance in which he departs from the exceeding rectitude of his ways is heavily handled to clumsiness. As the story proceeds the misfortunes which fall upon him leave the reader singularly untouched. For it is obvious that each disaster is an artificial piece of machinery solely manufactured for the better display of the heroine's wit and magnanimity. The whipping-post and the stocks are an evidence on every page, but familiarity breeds contempt, and one gets as accustomed to them as to the village pump. Throughout the hero fiddles and weeps, his wife prays, and the heroine runs eminent risks of being hanged. Her Quixotic friendship for so uninteresting a couple is followed by her equally Quixotic refusal to marry the man she loves. The tameness with which the latter accepts his congé is all of a piece with the invertebrate world it has pleased the author to set before us. The chief characters finally drift off to the New World. The Old World could bear their loss with fortitude.

"The Heart of Toil." By Octave Thanet. London: Downey. 1899. 5s.

The peculiar feature of this collection of short stories is that every story is concerned with some phase of industrial life. All the characters are employers of labour or workmen, and all the incidents arise out of the relations to each other of employers and employed. Trade Unionism pervades every page, and trade union leaders take the place of the ordinary heroes of fiction. There is only one love story—a very pretty one too—and even that is mixed up in a very quaint fashion with the rate of wages of furnacemen and shearers. It is a novel idea, and it works out in a more interesting way than one would be at first inclined to believe possible. The writer seems thoroughly well acquainted with the industrial and social conditions of American workmen, and he gives us lifelike character sketches of the leaders of their trade organisations, and of the employers with whom they are brought into conflict in the course of labour disputes. The stories narrate the sorrows and distress that arise from strikes, and the evil passions

as well as the heroism, self-sacrifice, and magnanimity often displayed in them. But all the virtues are not on the side of the men, nor all the ignorance, short-sightedness, selfishness and unprincipled vanity which often produce labour conflicts. The balance is held with an even hand, and the soberness of feeling and judgment of the writer persuade us that he is no mere partisan. This restraint, and the very considerable literary ability with which the stories are told, though they are not exactly what would be termed brilliant, make them not only worth reading as stories but as sympathetic and humane studies of a subject which has many other sides than that brought out in the blue-books and labour reports.

"The Member's Wife." By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. London: Pearson. 6s.

This is a rather dreary, long-spun-out story of a misunderstanding that parts two lovers and marries one of them to the reprehensible lady who brought it about. Her death comes in the nick of time, as regards the happiness of the deserving pair, though, for our part, we were sorry when she died: not that we had had too little of the story, but that the social difficulties and muddles of the Member's Wife were just on the point of rousing our interest. While there are people who like to read about puppets, books of this kind will always have a sale. One advantage of them is that they can almost be read with closed eyes. The puppets are so docile.

"The Golden Shoemaker." By J. W. Keyworth. London: Robert Culley. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Others than cynics have observed that there is about goodness a lack of variety which renders it singularly inadapted for artistic purposes. Therefore in a story which points such an excellent moral as the present we must suffer kindly much that is obvious and not a little that is commonplace. A poor but honest cobbler to his infinite discomfort comes into a fortune which he endeavours to expend in the best possible manner. For this he is ultimately rewarded by the restoration of his long lost daughter. Altogether it is a most proper little book and eminently suited for a Sunday school prize.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Pleasure and Leisure Boating." By Sidney Crossley. London: Innes. 1899.

A practical and trustworthy handbook has long been wanted for those boating men who do not wish to race but merely from time to time to take a holiday on the river. Unfortunately Mr. Crossley's book, though it contains some useful information and many valuable hints, hardly fulfils the want. The earlier chapters, which purport to instruct the tiro in the art of propelling a boat, contain several passages which do not coincide with the accepted theories of expert oarsmanship, while the latter portion, which is a sort of guide to the Thames, is hardly full enough to be of any practical value to anyone organising a boating party. Rowing and sculling are arts that cannot be acquired except by practice; and "book learning" is only useful to the boating man who wishes to take the opinion of a competent authority upon some points of form which are all-important in the propulsion of a racing boat. The form of an oarsman who had taught himself to row from a book would in any case be interesting and curious, but to watch a man moulding his form on Chapter III. of "Pleasure and Leisure Boating" would be a unique entertainment. To begin with such cardinal principles as using the weight, keeping the stroke long, and even balancing the boat must, we are told, be mastered on land *before* the novice tries his hand in a boat. Then he is to take the oar (in both hands presumably) and be careful that his thumb does not curl over the end. Can the author have forgotten upon which side of the hand the thumb grows? He is to keep the arms stiff, a thing which every rowing man says is to be expressly avoided, and he must not put his oar in too deep lest he "bucket," a term Mr. Crossley seems to use for throwing up water at the end of the stroke. But to "bucket" is a well-known technical expression in rowing and means hurrying the body forward at a rate which is too fast compared with the pace of the swing back, and can have no possible connexion with the fault of putting the blade in too deep. The chapters on Steering and Watermanship are the most useful part of the book, and should certainly be studied by all who wish to learn how to take a holiday on the river without making themselves objectionable to the regular habitués. It is solely through ignorance that so many trippers of all classes steer on the wrong side, grab with boat-hooks in locks

and generally break the rules of aquatic etiquette. On these points there is much sound advice in this book. Punting, canoeing and boat-sailing are all well treated, but the chapter on Henley Regatta is not good. It contains several inaccuracies, and misses what would have been an excellent opportunity of reminding the would-be boating man that Henley Regatta exists primarily for the racing, and that it is his duty to set a good example by doing his utmost to assist the Conservancy officials in their endeavours to keep the course clear. House-boat life and Camping are evidently leisure as distinct from pleasure boating in the opinion of Mr. Crossley, an opinion in which most of his readers will concur unless the weather is very warm and dry.

"Leo XIII.: his Life and Work." By Julien de Narfon. London: Chapman and Hall. 1899. 7s. 6d.

From whatever point of view we may approach it, a "life" of the present Pope, especially when so well informed as that now before us, could hardly fail to be of considerable interest. Leo XIII.'s original bent towards the Church does not seem to have been particularly strong. He aspired at first "to make his way in the Papal civil service or diplomacy without taking rank in the priesthood." It is, as the author says, curious that at the age of twenty-seven the future Pope "was apparently given up to ambition in which the next world had no visible influence, and was not an aspirant to the honour of standing before the altar." As Pope, Leo XIII. has always evinced a keen interest in affairs. His Encyclicals seem to have lost little in weight from their often transparent opportunism. M. de Narfon in telling the story of the appeal made to the Pope in 1884 to arbitrate on the Caroline Islands affair gives what we believe to be a quite novel explanation of the circumstances. Germany had occupied the islands, and they had been quietly resigned by the Spanish Government, when the anti-German riots in Madrid showed that the transfer was resented by the mob. The German Emperor was anxious to help the young King but Bismarck had gone too far to withdraw. "At this stage an Italian journalist, whom Bismarck had expelled from Germany, conceived a colossal practical joke. He sent a telegram to a Berlin newspaper announcing that the Spanish Government was about to ask the Pope to intervene. Bismarck took the story 'au sérieux' and intercepted the telegram. Then believing he was about to accomplish a diplomatic master-stroke he resolved to be beforehand with Spain and propose the arbitration which not a single Spanish statesman had thought of for a moment. Although the Pope's decision was in favour of Spain, it brought about quite a 'détente' between Berlin and Rome."

"Trooper 3809: a Private Soldier of the Third Republic." By Lionel Declé. London: Heinemann. 1899.

Were there no Dreyfus case this book would be received with a caution verging on scepticism. Its author, whose name is by this time well known on this side of the Channel, served as a private in the French army and what might otherwise have been put down to a journalistic predilection for sensation and exaggeration can now only be regarded as truthful witness. M. Declé says he cannot follow M. Urbain Gohier in his virulent and indiscriminate attacks upon all French officers, but he assures the reader that the case of Dreyfus is only "a greatly magnified example of what happens daily throughout the French army. . . . Dreyfus has been a victim not so much of the malice of individuals as of a faulty system." There is something tragically wrong in a system which rouses privates to trust to the hazard of cards to decide who shall kill an officer, which permits an appeal against punishment, merited or unmerited, to be considered ground for the augmentation of the penalty, and which makes men look back upon the years they spent in the army as a period of degradation.

"Carvell's Nursery Handbook with Hints, 1899" (London: Barber. 1s.) without pretending "to Addisonian or efflorescent forms of expression," aims at affording guidance to parents in the rearing and nurturing of children. It is interleaved with blank pages on which the mother can jot down observations of her own in the management of her babes. The book is substantially bound.—The second, revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Clement Dukes' "Essentials of School Diet" (London: Rivingtons. 1899. 6s. net) contains a prefatory note by Sir William Broadbent who insists on the importance to both the physical and mental health of youth of following out Dr. Dukes' principles. The reissue should be welcomed by parents and schoolmasters.—The "Queen's Cookery Books: (I) Soups (II) Ices" (London: Horace Cox. 2 vols. 1s. each) are unpretentious but useful handbooks for housewives. The series is under the editorship of Mr. S. Beaty-Pownall.

The point of view taken in these columns a month or two since on the subject of "A National Opera" is supported in the new number of "The Chord." The writer opens with a sharp reflection on "our passion" for opera which "burns so fiercely . . . that the performances given at Covent Garden reach that magnificent level which is the envy of Europe." If a National Opera House were built—and "The Chord" is not very hopeful as to the discovery of ways and means—it might

be regarded "as the beginning of a great opera movement: it would not itself be that movement."

From the Memoirs of the Duc de Choiseul—published from time to time in the "Revue de Paris"—we always get an interesting glimpse of that Ambassador's life at Rome, and also of Court life under Louis XV. The Duke, although unpopular with the King, had a firm friend in Madame de Pompadour; and, in the chapter that appears in the "Revue" for 1 September, he draws a picture of her position and power. It will be remembered that on 5 January, 1757, one Damiens attempted to stab the King in his palace at Versailles, but that the knife slipped—leaving only a scratch. Louis, however, went to bed for nine days, drew the curtains about him, called for his confessor, and displayed, in short, the most pitiful cowardice. Madame de Pompadour herself was not allowed to approach him; and, this being taken by her enemies to be a sign of the King's disfavour and of her speedy downfall, she was treated with disdain and disrespect. When Louis recovered, however, his first visit was to his mistress who, seeing that she had lost none of her old power, urged him to dismiss two of her bitterest enemies from Court. He consented; and, at Madame de Pompadour's request, named the Duc de Choiseul Ambassador at Vienna.

A paper on the penal settlements in New Caledonia is the most important feature of the "Revue des Revues" for 1 September. The author, an ex-official, has spent many years of his life among the convicts; and, while showing that they are better treated than English prisoners condemned to hard labour, admits that the government of the place leaves much to be desired. Still, we are told that the climate is healthy and the scenery gorgeous; that the soil is fertile, and that, in many places, it covers rich mines. But New Caledonia costs the French Government 150 million francs a year.

For This Week's Books see page 372.

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DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

For the Three Months ending 31st JULY, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 31st July, 1899, which show a total profit of £11,092 1s. 6d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,348 feet.
Ore Developed	31,000 tons.
Ore Mined	54,013 tons.
Ore taken from Surface Dumps	5,384 tons.
	59,397 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (20'521 per cent.)	12,189 tons.
	47,208 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered	47,208 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	50 tons.
Tons Crushed	47,158 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 100 stamps	86½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'436 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 31st July, 1899	730 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	13,178'038 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'588 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 77'021 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	36,322 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	5,759'780 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	3'171 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	2'442 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 19'837 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	9,355 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	392'955 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	1'267 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	'251 dwt.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	19,530'723 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	8'263 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	21,984'741 ozs.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 47,158 tons milled.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£41,134 15 10	£0 17 5'346
" Milling Expenses	9,261 18 10	0 3 11'136
" Cyaniding Expenses	6,638 18 7	0 2 9'787
" General Expenses	3,639 8 0	0 1 6'521
" Head Office Expenses	1,107 4 4	0 0 5'634
	61,782 5 7	1 6 2'426
" Interest	8,221 18 0	0 3 8'897
	70,004 3 7	1 9 11'324
" Profit	11,092 1 6	0 4 8'450
	£81,696 5 1	1 14 7'774
CR.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£55,170 14 9	£1 3 4'779
Cyanide Works	26,525 10 4	0 11 2'995
	£81,696 5 1	1 14 7'774

NOTE.—The 5 per cent. Tax on Profits, which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic, has not been allowed for in the above figures.

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £4,270 5s. 7d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,
August, 1899.

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REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1899.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.

Milled, 18,921 Tons.

WORKING EXPENSES.

	Cost.	Cost per ton.
To Mining	£6,720 4 10	7s. 1'356d.
" Hauling and Pumping	427 9 10	os. 5'422d.
" Sorting, Trammings and Crushing	581 10 2	os. 7'382d.
" Development	1,037 16 3	1s. 1'105d.
" Milling	1,580 4 4	1s. 7'283d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates	233 0 10	os. 2'956d.
" Tailings	1,515 16 1	1s. 7'227d.
" Mill Water Supply	259 10 6	os. 3'292d.
" Maintenance	3,275 10 3	3s. 5'548d.
" Charges	495 14 9	os. 6'300d.
" Slimes Treatment (current)	541 12 2	os. 6'870d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated)	16,619 1 0	17s. 6'801d.
" Profit for Month	57 2 5	os. 6'432d.
	17,126 3 5	18s. 1'233d.
	25,734 3 7	27s. 2'421d.
	£42,860 7 0	45s. 3'654d.

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill	£26,247 15 0	28s. 4'545d.
7,333'05 ozs., valued		
From Tailings—		
2,990'07 ozs., valued	10,383 10 0	10s. 11'708d.
From Concentrates—		
922'00 ozs., valued	3,201 10 0	3s. 4'609d.
From Slimes (current)—		
380'83 ozs., valued	1,411 0 0	1s. 5'898d.
By Products sold—		
14'22 ozs. (fine) realised	55 17 0	os. 0'708d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—		
259'67 ozs., valued	41,899 12 0	44s. 3'468d.
	960 15 0	1s. 0'186d.
	£42,860 7 0	45s. 3'654d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (Including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above)	£17,126 3 5
" Slimes Plant	203 14 6
" Plant, General	340 19 6
" Battery	143 0 0
" General Electric Plant	5 6 0
" Tram Plant	24 3 4
" Live Stock	35 0 0
" Balance	17,878 6 9
	24,682 0 3
	£42,860 7 0
By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued	£42,860 7 0

MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives	50 feet.
" Sinking Winzes	11 "
Total footage for month	61 "

The ore developed by the above footage was 23,848 tons.

SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine	25,662 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26'52 per cent.)	6,807 "
Sorted ore sent to mill	18,855 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st July	1,928 "
	20,783 "
Ore crushed for July	18,921 "
Balance in bins 1st August	1,862 "

MILL.

120 Stamps ran 29 days 18 hours crushing	18,921 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours	5'98 "
Bullion yield	7,333'05 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	7'75 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated	Tailings, 12,492	Concentrates 1,680
Bullion yield	2,990'07 ozs.	922'00 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	4'76 dwts.	10'97 dwts.
	s. d.	s. d.
Working cost per ton treated	2 5'12	2 9'28

SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated	Current, 4,975 tons	Accumulated, 3,392 tons.
Bullion yield	380'83 ozs.	259'67 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	1'53 dwts.	1'53 dwts.
	s. d.	s. d.
Working cost per ton treated	2 2'12	2 11'88

TOTAL YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains.
Mill	Tons. 18,921	ozs. 7,333'05	6,373'36
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,492	2,990'07	2,464'88
" (Concentrates)	1,680	922'00	760'04
Slimes (Current)	4,975	380'83	335'00
			0 8'50
Slimes (Accumulated)	3,392	11,625'95	9,933'88
		259'67	228'00
		11,885'62	10,161'88
			10 11'77

In addition to the above, Metallics were sold containing 14'22 ozs. of Fine Gold.

JUNE YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains.
Mill	Tons. 18,762	ozs. 7,207'49	6,240'24
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,357	2,774'35	2,266'06
" (Concentrates)	1,400	787'50	649'09
Slimes (Current)	4,645	513'41	449'31
			0 11'49
Slimes (Accumulated)	1,792	11,282'75	9,606'70
		198'07	173'00
		11,480'82	9,779'70
			10 10'20

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 19'40 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 17'00 ozs. Fine Gold, and other By-products, viz.:—Black Sands, Pots and Liners, Anode Bags, Pot Scrapings, &c., were sold, which contained 517 ozs. Fine Gold.

The Warrants in respect of Dividend No. 15—50 per cent., payable to Shareholders registered on the 30th June, 1899—were posted at the beginning of the current month.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG, 10th August, 1899.

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